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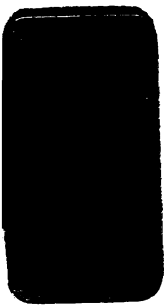
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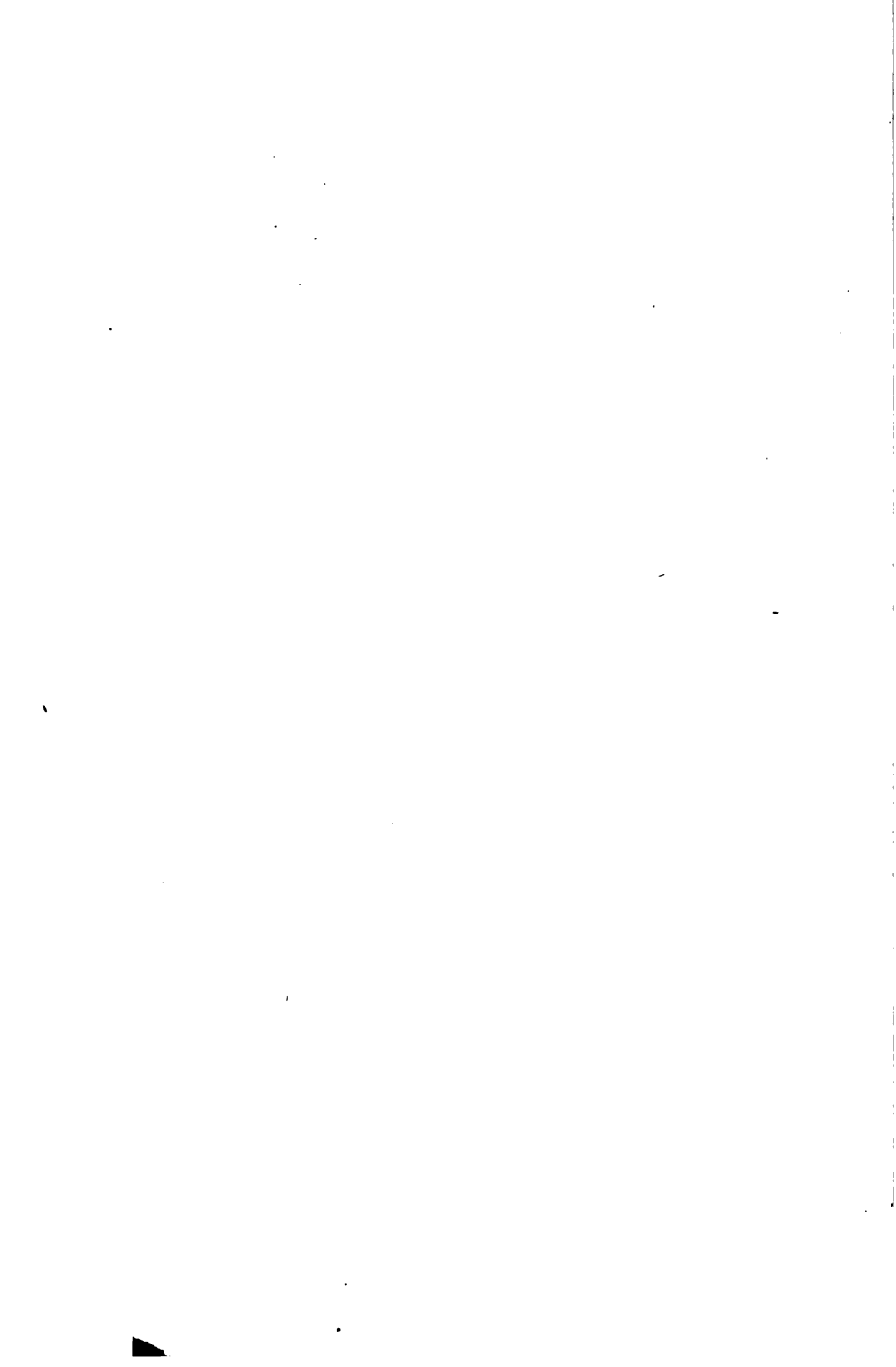
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1. Poetry, American



Give Your Car-
men love of
The Author—

Because You have
a golden future, go
and know at once
what all the Sages knew
NB



IN A PORTUGUESE GARDEN

AND OTHER VERSE

BY

CARA E. WHITON-STONE

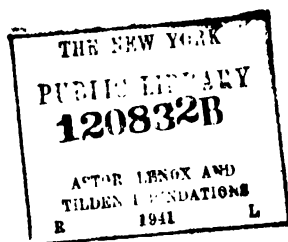
Author of "Sonnets, Songs, Laments," etc.



BOSTON

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1911



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TO
THE THREE CHEVALIERS
ONE IMMORTAL
WHO HAVE MADE THIS BOOK POSSIBLE
AND TO
AN EAGLE AND A DOVE
WHOSE SPLENDID FLIGHTS HAVE
BEEN EXAMPLE AND INSPIRATION
THESE VERSES ARE DEDICATED

Winter 1888 Supp. 19 Apr 1944

AN EAGLE AND A DOVE

They mate not and yet mate, these wondrous two.
The one mounts up with mighty wings that beat
To tractless solitudes, content to meet
No rival but the sun, and would break through
The sky's supreme immeasurable blue
To conquer him, and heeding cold nor heat
Insatiate mounts and mounts, nor will retreat
Till conquering, he shall the sun outdo.
The other waits divinely calm to know
From the white glory in her soul, how best
To bear a healing balm to some great woe,
And wears the whole of heaven within her breast,
And while the eagle seeks the sun to know
What lies beyond the sun, the dove has guessed.

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BOOK I
IN A PORTUGUESE GARDEN

IN A PORTUGUESE GARDEN

CANTO I

O FAIREST of the Fair, would I could send
My soul to thee, across the upper skies,
To thee, whose eyes are like the stars that rise
In sight of morning, and with morning blend.

The heavy pomegranate scents that lie
In dusky splendor of thy flooding hair
Are wafted by the flame-winged birds that fly
Fanning in scarlet triumph through the air.

I hear the insects droning in the heat,
I hear the south winds through the palm trees
 sigh,
Incarnate music seems to swoon and die
In all the lutes of Summer at thy feet.

Thou seemst for some mystery to wait;
Thou knowest ecstasies of lutes enfold
Summer's consummate breath: I bring thee bold
One ecstasy, than Summer's all, more great.

At coming of thy footsteps I rejoice,
Thou art the playmate of the winds and flowers
I know no time, I only count the hours
In which I hear the music of thy voice.

The days grow more divine with thee, the nights
Are mighty with thy presence; and the moon
Bends low o'er thee, as to the heart of June
And spills o'er thee, its million silver lights.

I follow thee, as shadow follows light
I worship thee, as some transcendent star
Tangled in meshes of the worlds afar
That is too perfect to be hidden from sight.

I hardly dare to kiss thy hand "good-night"
Thou art so beautiful, thou seemst to wear
The high reserve that the eternal bear
Turning their faces towards the mystic light.

The winds across the jasmine cease to blow,
The scarlet-breasted birds their raptures hush,
And o'er the breast of evening falls a flush
Hearing thee, virgin-hearted, praying low.

Good-night, O Love! The golden days are fleet
The doves are flocking homeward to their eaves
A fluttering silence falls upon the leaves
Go, fold thine eyes, the doves will watch thee,
Sweet.

Heart of my Heart, good-night.

CANTO II

Thou comest from thy tent of sleep away
With an auroral calm upon thy face,
Waiting awhile in the white dawn's embrace,
Ere thou shalt quaff the golden wine of day.

The flowers are drenched with dew, the garden
waits

Transfiguration of the rising sun
That slowly mounts and mounts till it is won
To pay thee tribute at its unbarred gates.

As if heaven had been drained of golden fire
The world from East to West is drenched in it
And thou, thy calm, strange, beauty, glory-lit
Adown the azalia pathway drawest nigher.

O Peerless One, how whisper what I feel!
I search the æolian voices in the air
For one divine enough my love to bear,
Whose homage is so great I fain would kneel.

Thou lookest up, with thy young eyes aglow
Creation's sunrise transport, I partake
O heart, if thou canst bear to beat, nor break
Teach me some heavenly way my love to show.

Once more the morning blazons into day,
Once more the insects trumpet through the heat
And all the lutes of Summer at thy feet
Into a soundless rapture swoon away.

I know not is it June or Paradise,
A tender mist hangs o'er the matchless sky
A line of pink marks where the ripples die
And into souls of murmuring sea-shells rise.

And so we silent wander hand in hand.
What need of speech? We are content to share
The language of the earth and upper air.
It is enough—eternity is spanned.

Good-night! Good-night, Beloved, thou canst not
 stay
I see the doves flock homeward to their eaves,
I hear the whispered secrets of the leaves
Go Sweet, and come forth with the virgin day.
Heart of my Heart, good-night.

CANTO III

Thou comest, and the birds sing clear and high
To greet thee, O thou Dreamer of White Dreams,
Along the pathway auriolated with the gleams
Dropped from a silver cloud that roams the sky.

The sun, as waiting thee, is hidden away,
In mists diaphonous that trail the East
And drape thee, as for some transcendent feast
In gauzy opalescence of the day. ˘

Then as thou standest, sudden above the flowers
The sun seeing thee, sets the whole world aglow
And lilies weep for joy, and birds sing low
And the new day is born, and heaven is ours.

For us, O Best Beloved, the glow will stay,
For us, sunrise will be from morn till night;
And though we see time, poised as if for flight,
For us, for evermore will be the day.

O Sweet, I read in those strange eyes of thine
The calm of saints that travels ray on ray
The circling of the million suns that sway
Toward the liliated sweeps of fields divine.

And so we watch the crimson roses blow
And golden sunshine drifting through the trees
And hear the South wind's whispers of litanies
And soundless deeps of the eternal know.

And once more morning blazons into day
And once more murmuring insects drone in heat
And all the lutes of Summer at thy feet
Into a soundless rapture swoon away.

Why seeing thee, must I so silent be?
Who know that thou art fairest of the fair,
Why do I not proclaim it through the air
Until the butterflies bring word to thee?

Why do I not call into the blue abyss
Thou, Flower of the Universe, art here
And bid the winds blow thee, from hill tops near
Its heavenly benediction and its kiss.

If I am silent, thou art silent, too ;
The birds are singing what we fain would say
The flowers are breathing it along the way
Sparks glittering star the air, as if they knew.

The shadows lengthen,—sunrise still in sight,—
I see the doves flock homeward to their eaves,
I hear the whispered secrets of the leaves,
Thou turnest away, ah, must I say good-night?
Heart of my Heart, good-night.

CANTO IV

O sky of chrysoprased stars still lit
When thou shalt hear the footsteps of my day
Coming in soundless rhythm along the way
Rush into saffron, and then drown in it.

Drown thyself deep in it, till hair astream,
The sky shall swim to sight, and I shall see
The fairest of the fair approaching me,
And all, all else will vanish like a dream.

And hast thou come, Beloved, and dost thou know,
The heavens magnificence is spread for thee?
Come closer, Sweet, and let us watch and see
The vast effulgence gulf us here below.

All is as yesterday, there is no sight
Or scent, or sound, or bird on any tree
That sings his scarlet-raptured dreams to thee
That is forgotten, all is changeless bright.

The paths are lined with flowers, the poppies lift
Their drowsy heads as if to nod salute,
But though empulsed in music, we are mute,
And sun enmarshaled into Eden drift.

And once more morning blazons into day,
And once more murmuring insects drone in heat
And all the lutes of Summer at thy feet
Into a soundless rapture swoon away.

Oh Love, not worthy I thy slave to be,
I am so poor a thing, so wondrous thou,
Yet with thy virgin kiss upon my brow
I wear a crown that kings might envy me.

Thine eyes that search the yellow flaming air
Are shining, Sweet, as if the sight of rings
That mark the upward path of glittering wings
Had left consummate glory visioned there.

Lend me thy wondrous power that I may know
As thou, O Sweet, the secret souls of things
And learn that love that into flowering springs
May the whole boundless universe outgrow.

And must I say good-night, sunrise in sight?
I see the doves flock homeward to their eaves,
I hear the whispered secrets of the leaves
Ah, must I, must I, must I say good-night?
Heart of my Heart, good-night!

CANTO V

The birds at thy approach to chorus break
As at a festival, O Peerless Fair,
I see thee coming through the sunrise air
Nearer and nearer until thy hand I take.

Then while thine hand within mine own is pressed,
The birds still singing, glad and high and free
As if to pay obeisance unto thee,
The sun sails up, and bares its scarlet breast.

And thou and I, O Sweet, and thou and I,
Beneath the glory wander to and fro
And watch the fading of the sunrise glow
And all the crystal morning splendor die.

To-day the breezes blow from far away
Strange murmurous sounds like echoes of a flute,
While yesterday the glittering leaves were mute,
And which more beautiful, we cannot say.

The sky has slowly into sapphire grown,
The flush has changed to amber in the air
We scarce can breathe with joy too great to bear
And birds still sing, although the birds are flown.

And once more morning blazons into day,
And once more murmuring insects drone in heat
And all the lutes of Summer at thy feet
Into a soundless rapture swoon away.

O Sweet, for us, not long enough the days
The mornings slip to noons, and ere we know
The honeysuckles silver trumpets blow
The sunset hour, and hills are drowned in haze.

The burnished golden shadows round us beat,
An orange cloud is floating from the West;
And still within mine own thy hand is pressed;
This, this is our—forever—Sweet.

The fireflies flash, the stars gleam here and there
The palm trees stand out purple, 'gainst the sky
Almost we hear the weeping grasses sigh,
And all the scents of Summer fill the air.

Thou goest away—the sunrise still in sight—
The doves are flocking homeward to their eaves;
I hear the whispered secrets of the leaves;
And must I, Sweet, oh must I say good-night?
Heart of my Heart, good-night!

CANTO VI

Hither enwrapped in transparent light
Where Summer has let down its golden bars
Thou comest, who has slept watched by the stars,
In the majestic cradle of the night.

Across the purple of the morning's breast
The rosy tide has not yet wholly run
And wider, wider yet to flood the sun
We watched it, sweeping on from east to west.

O Sweet, the heavens have made us high bequest,
In this omnipotence of rosy flame
What other morn can such transcendence claim
Is it, O Love, that glory is at crest?

How can we know which is the fairest tide?
All, all, are fairest, since we closer drew
And breathless watched the rapture as it flew
And still looked on, nor knew when it had died.

Come, Love, with me beneath the palm trees shade
And watch the scintillations of the heat
Through the great arteries of the noon air beat
While in the distance, Pipes of Pan are played.

And once more morning blazons into day,
And once more murmuring insects drone in heat
And all the lutes of Summer at thy feet
Into a soundless rapture swoon away.

And as of old, the sylvan paths we tread
And hear the inarticulate delight
Of growing things, while Summer at its height
Ablaze with music, burns to blue o'er head.

And so the Pipes of Pan play on, while we
Watch day with cooler veins go drifting by
And 'gainst the bare blue splendor of the sky,
One great white butterfly down-sailing see.

And thou and I, O Sweet and thou and I,
Who know how vast the earth and sky and air
Hear fluttering wings around us everywhere,
And are ourselves enwinged with ecstasy.

The twilight falls, the dear divine day dies,
On the far hilltops sing the nightingales
A golden-breasted moon above us sails
And we sail past it through the opening skies.

And then thou goest, sunrise still in sight,
I see the doves flock homeward to their eaves,
I hear the whispered secrets of the leaves
O Best Belovéd, must I say good-night?
Heart of my Heart, good-night.

CANTO VII

O Peerless One, my soul leaps up to hear
Thy voice that through the air divinely calls
Who watch thee, clad in a flooding veil that falls
Enmeshed with sunrise splendor drawing near.

Above thee in an iridescent sea
The sun with scarlet breath and blazing breast
As if all Summer's joy was in it pressed
Looks down through panoply of June, on thee.

Looks down on thee, O Beautiful, O Fair,
As if adoring—and with gorgeous might
Drops down on thee, a more translucent light
Who, standst upgazing like a saint at prayer.

And then thou comest with me, clad in light
To watch the jasmine and the palms and rose
And feel the warm wind that around us blows
Laden with perfume of the dew clad night.

There are no changes, save that here and there
Where some wild rose's petals lie in shower
Another bud, has broken into flower
And beauty, beauty still, is zenithed there.

And as we watch in love's unmapped degree,
The matchless sky, and palms and buds in glow,
All the June's reckless splendor seems to flow
Into our souls, like a resistless sea.

O Best Beloved, O Divine, O Sweet,
We scarce can bear the rushing floods that shake
Our hearts to such wild joy, they almost break
As with the sweep of shoreless waves, they beat.

And once more morning blazons into day,
And once more murmuring insects drone in heat
And all the lutes of Summer at thy feet
Into a soundless rapture swoon away.

The sun's light deepens, and its myriad rays
Drop as it sweeps up to a goldener height
And stabs us with unspeakable delight
And sets the grasses at our feet ablaze.

Wilder than Pipes of Pan, tune after tune
On winds that blow is borne us, until they grow
So all divine, so heavenly sweet we know
It is not music that we hear, but June.

The palm trees into shadows have been won;
The clouds that drift out from the west, burn red;
The tunes play on, although the sun is dead
Play on, play on, and still, still, still, play on.

Thou goest away—the sunrise still in sight—
I see the doves flock homeward to their eaves,
I hear the whispered secrets of the leaves—
And must I, must I, must I say good-night?
Heart of my Heart, good-night.

CANTO VIII

Hasten, oh hasten, Love, I wait for thee
To watch the half-oped rose of sunrise blow
And drop on thee, its sea-shell flush below
And flood thee with its boundless radiancy.

I see thee, coming and around thee flows
A vast resplendence—and to cheat the day
The sunrise-scattered petals round thee lay
And it is thou, thou, Sweet, that wearst the rose.

And then, O Sweet, the sky bereaved, o'ercast,
With flecks as of remembrance is lined
And here and there a petal left behind
Fades, till its silent breast is blue at last.

The rose is dead, but in the East the sun
Has burned itself a place, and flings around
A flood of melted gold upon the ground,
Through which, toward the flowers our feet are
won.

O Sweet, the world is like a rainbow arc
Radiant with burning joys of yesterdays;
We wander on, where the gold light still stays,
It matters not which way, who know no dark.

And once more morning blazons into day,
And once more murmuring insects drone in heat
And all the lutes of Summer at thy feet
Into a soundless rapture swoon away.

The roses that we see, not roses are,
They are our dreams transfixed; the perfect glow
Of this o'erwhelming passion that we know,
The blood-red glory of love's morning star.

There is no cloud upon the turquoise sky
The golden hush is palpitant and deep
Nature itself seems to have fallen asleep
And tranced aloft, the zephyrs breathe no sigh.

The silence to transfiguration slips
And thou and I, in an enchanted dream
Float outward on the bosom of a stream
Out, out, and out, toward the apocalypse.

We know not, that the day is waning fast
Nor that a dusky purple floods the air
We still drift on, and still drift on, to where
There is no earth, only the eternal vast.

The purple darkens, sunrise still in sight—
I see the doves flock homeward to their eaves,
I hear the whispered secrets of the leaves
Must I, O Sweet, and must I say good-night?
Heart of my Heart, good-night.

CANTO IX

Day, day is here, and of all other days
This is divinest, for I take thy hand
And know that all of earth and heaven is spanned
In the white innocence of thy gaze.

Thou art areek with Summer, and in might
Of thy strange beauty, thou hast claim to share
The glory of the sun, who, unaware
Has dropped upon thy face his fullest light.

The birds sail down from heaven, because so fair
And as in homage, come and sing to thee
And sunlit clouds that sail the upper sea
Lingering above thy head grow goldener there.

18 **In a Portuguese Garden**

And yesterday, and yesters, yesterday
It was the same, and earth and air and sky
Seemed to yearn toward thee, as thou drewest
 nigh
And grow to shadow, when thou turnd'st away.

The sunshine is aflood with butterflies,
That to its myriads golden ladders keep:
We see the hills, engulfed in azure sleep
Pillowed upon the bosom of the skies.

And thou and I, O Sweet, and thou and I,
Drink deep the undregged goblet of delight
And know that we have been vouchsafed the sight
Of the eternal fires that burn on high.

And once more morning blazons into day,
And once more murmuring insects drone in heat,
And all the lutes of Summer at thy feet
Into a soundless rapture swoon away.

O Love, it is Omnipotence that reigns,
The earth is throbbing with it, prism'ed with
 light,
And the whole reckless sky, with June at height,
Like liquid heaven is racing through our veins.

The heart of Summer beats in everything;
We hear it in the buds that sighing blow;
We hear it in the river's lapping flow;
And birds keep time with it on whirring wing.

A golden haze, the golden sunshine meets,
The dews are weeping for the day that dies
We know not as the emblazoned vapors rise
If it is Summer's heart, or ours that beats.

The Western glory flickers and burns low
The sun has drowned itself in sea of red
And thou and I, beneath the light o'erhead
O Sweet, O Fair, through gates of Jasper go.

And night drops down, the sunrise still in sight;
I see the doves flock homeward to their eaves;
I hear the whispered secrets of the leaves,
And must I, must I, must I say good-night?
Heart of my Heart, good-night!

CANTO X

And thou art here, here, Love and one white star
That loitered till thou camest has pierced its way
Into the burning bosom of the day
And seeing thee, has vanished out of sight.

The sun mounts up, and mounting higher and
higher
We watch it hand in hand until it sends
Its greeting to the world, and as it bends
Down-scatters at our feet its jeweled fire.

Across the blazing arch, cloud after cloud
Like fleecy phantoms of the day, goes by
And into silence of the earth and sky
The music of creation seems to crowd.

A single sunbeam that has hither strayed
Marks out a golden path through which we go
To the high solitudes where lilies blow
And where, hark, Sweet, the Pipes of Pan are
played.

And once more morning blazons into day,
And once more murmuring insects drone in heat
And all the lutes of Summer at thy feet
Into a soundless rapture swoon away.

So blue the sky, so passionately blue
It seems to melt into infinity
And we who, raptured can Beyond descrye
Lifted upon its breast, melt upward, too.

And then O Love, we watch until afar,
The sunset clouds adown the horizon sweep
And burn to gold; and as if waked from sleep
Amid the smoldering glow an amethyst star.

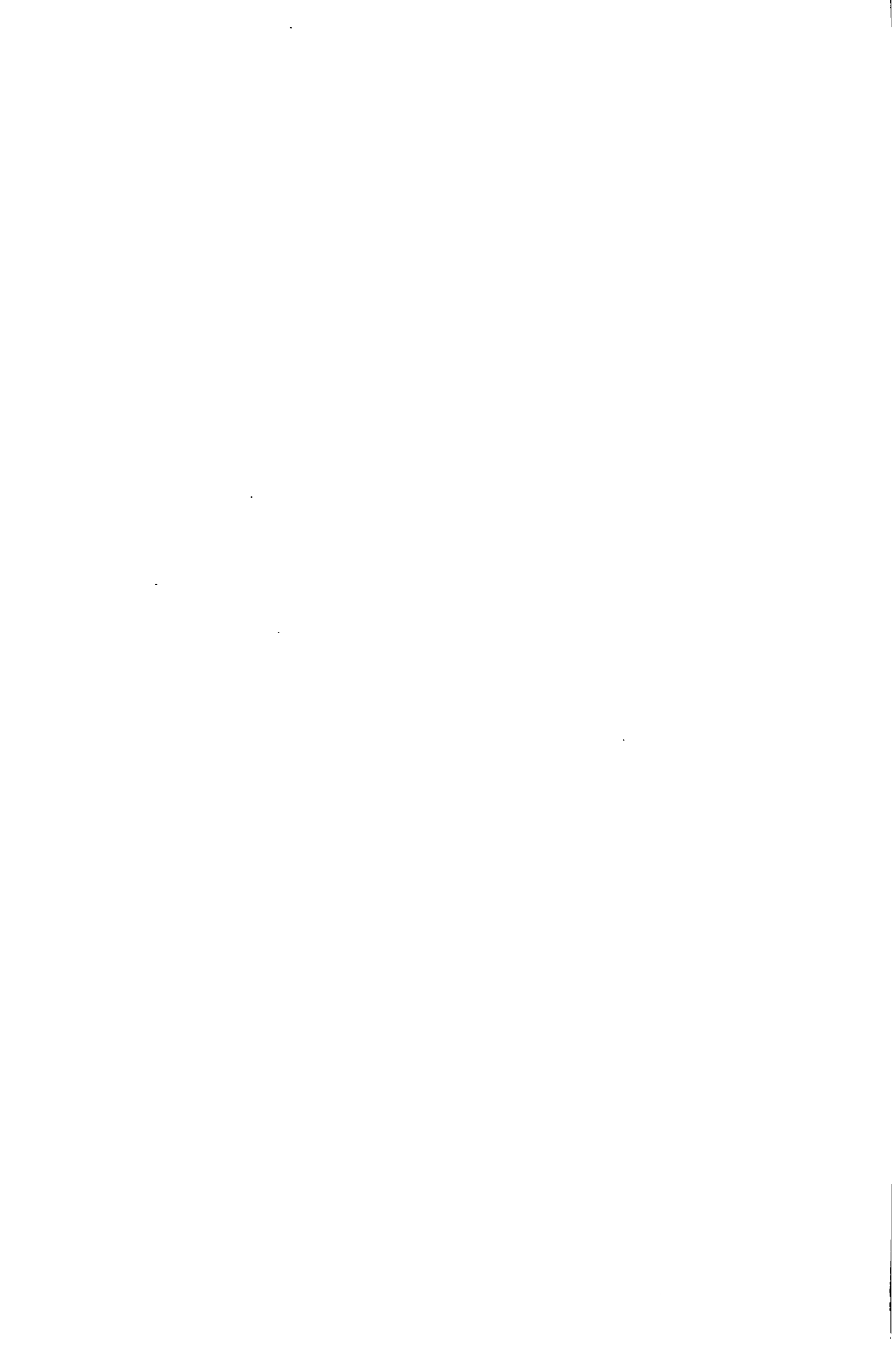
O Best Belovéd, O Divine, O Sweet,
The mystery and wonder of these days
Bears me to where, beyond the sunset haze
I see the light through which archangels beat.

The tender night wind blows across the flowers;
Heaven's undertone is swelling as we go,
O Love, from the forever that we know,
Into the new Forever, still more ours.

The dew falls fast, with sunrise still in sight
The flocking doves are slumbering 'neath their
 eaves,
We know the whispered secrets of the leaves
O Best Belovéd, must I say good-night?
Heart of my Heart, good-night!



BOOK II
SONNETS TO
A SAPP^HIC SINGER



I

WHEN thou and I had parted, Sweet, and night
Had drowned the twilight in its purple sea,
The stars that amber flashing shone o'er me,
Like sparks of the burned day showered into
sight,

Seemed to, mysterious echo from their height
Thy minstrel soul's insistent minstrelsy;
And all the skies were palpitate with thee,
Who art, heaven voiced, epiphany of light;
Although but pathways through Spring violets
In sunlit fields thine April feet have known,
Thou understandest every tide that frets
My shoreless heart, life's swirling maelstrom's
shown

Its pangs, desires, and infinite regrets,
Because thou wear'st the rose of Song, full blown.

II

Beloved of Music, radiant with the might
Of lyric passion, that mysterious glows,
They, chosen of old to wear the Pierian rose,
Make room for thee; for, Greek-souled, thou hast
sight

Vouchsafed alone, to those who dwell on height
Where once dwelt gods; and all the fire that goes
From sun to sunrise through thy being flows;
Bearing thy heaven-winged dreams to heavenliest
flight.

Thou capturest Beauty if on land or sea,
Shining or sad; and the wild rains that wet
The Spring's first born divine anemone
Thou who art pulsed with pulse of Spring canst
set

Into a song that will drop melody!
And, sapphic cadenced, sublimate regret.

III

Yea, and a matchless day with gold supreme
And zenithed sun, and clouds that eastward go,
Thou canst so tangle in thy verses' flow
Th' emblazoned light in every word will gleam;
Sing'st thou of lilies in a silver stream,
And in thy lines they pulsate, aye, and blow,
And all the ripples into rhythms grow,
And thou canst attar Summer in a dream.
Go— and in splendor of some perfect line
The flawless heart of some great truth disclose,
And lyric inspiration that shall shine,
As into Song's resplendent sea it flows—
So sunned in it, Thought's sovereigns shall divine
Thy classic right to wear the Pierian rose.

IV

Dream thine own dreams, Dear Heart, in thine
own way,

And how to shape them best, thou best wilt know ;
They are so fair, so fair, that they may blow
Into white hyacinths, 'neath the sun, some day :
And left in garden of the gods to stray,
If thou shouldst wear them, when they blossom
so,

Into them, souls of nightingales will go,
Sung from thy heart, as from the heart of May.
The world has need of what its dreamers lend,
Nor knows, with vapors chilled, its need how
great ;

But let thy song, despite the mist, ascend ;
Unloose thy prisoned nightingales, nor wait,
And thy winged hyacinthine dreams may blend
With dreams of those who with th' immortals
rate.

V

Nor be disheartened, nor grow mute with pain,
Because the world is careless of thy song;
Sing on; some one grown weary in the throng
Will hear the Spring's voice call in every strain,
And breathe the scent of hyacinths again,
And for the burdens of the day grow strong.
Life's disenchantments will be swept along,
But—memories of the hyacinths will remain.
Thou walk'st in garden of the gods, by right
Thou hast no other choice than wander there,
And yet Gethsemane is in full sight;
Still, still unloose thy nightingales, to bear
Song's bleeding testimony, it has might,
The world to bless, if it can ease despair.

VI

Although our ways awhile have lain apart
I have not lost thee, Sweet: I go my way
Holding thee dear as Aphrodite, may
Feeling the grace of thy serener heart.
My thoughts keep pace with thee, where'er thou
art

I know with what high rapture thou wilt stay
To watch the golden-hearted lilies sway
And see the blushes on the hawthorne start—
And so thou art still mine; I follow thee
Seeing thee not; Yet when soft gusts of rain
Tangled with sunshine, borne from off the sea
Shall wet thy cheek, ere it has dried again
However dull with weeping I may be
I shall feel April in my every vein.

VII

I know not Sweet, nor do I seek to know
Wherefore thou sets this April day apart
If kneeling at some shrine thou bar'st thy heart
In adoration or to ease its woe
If tears of rapture or of anguish flow
But whichso'er it be, I know thou art
Feeling the might of Spring, needing no chart
To lead thee to its earliest flowers that blow:—
—I pray thou be exalted as on wing
The swallows are, and that thy soul may share
In the mysterious melody of Spring
And of its lilies, thou the one most fair
How should'st forget that every living thing
Must breathe, 'neath Crown or Cross the Christ
breathed air.

VIII

Or if thou goest not forth, but calm and still
Shall at thy window watch the sunset hour
And see the West burst into splendid flower
Spreading the heavens like a vast daffodil
And with the glory of it brim'st, until
Thy happy tears shall fall in sudden shower
Though in another continent, some power
Would bear me into weeping, at its will.
For as to desert, sound of waters flow,
I can sometimes when listening, hear divine
The music of a far off rhythm, I know
Is beating hither from thy heart to mine
And hold thee still, for were Pan's reed to blow
What tunes it played, were less to me than thine.

IX

Or in the ineffable sweet charm of June
When butterflies shall drift above thy hair
With its pale gold, their pinions to compare
And thou seest filmed up on the sapphire noon
The silver wraith of the unrisen moon
And through the haze of heat, adown the air
The zenithed sun its lute-strings shall declare
If thou hear'st then their silence pulse to tune
I in some lonely dell, although remote,
With the soft sunshine shimmering on the ground
Shall hear the same soft measures, note by note
In murmurs indistinguishable around
And while the butterflies above me float
Who cannot lose thee, in the noontide drowned.

X

Thou lookest forth on Summer and seeing gleams
Of sky, and sea, and grass, and shining dew,
And roses, and the sun, whose red they drew.
Thou hast the fabric for a thousand dreams.
Thou turn'st to Winter and when sapphire
streams

Across the snow until it reeks with blue,
Watching and sighing as it fades from view,
Behold the mirror of thy soul redeems.
Worship thine Æschylus and all the old,
Illustrious Greeks whom thou hast loved and
read;—

Thou hast swept high, nor let ideals grow cold,
And Nature's very self interpreted.
Keep of thy hyacinthine dreams fast hold,
The gods have dowered thee, though gods are
dead.

XI

Or shouldst thou pluck those nurslings of the
skies

The Autumn gentians that in shadows hide
And wear them with the sunshine glorified
A sudden gladness would my heart surprise
And from to-morrows I should turn mine eyes
And things of yesterday should set aside
And the new gladness with the old allied
Would set as corner-stone of Paradise
For into Music's exaltations sent
From some far peak I hear thy throbbing lyre
Within whose soul such visions vast are pent
Whose blood with Beauty's wine is so on fire;
With less for thee, I should not be content
Than the full heavens that the high gods aspire.

XII

The Autumn's shadow-haunted sunshine lies
Trembling upon the sycamore trees, that show
Myriads of seeds, within whose delicate glow
The shining bloom of coming April lies;
Thou brought'st a broken branch to point its
dyes

Oh best beloved, to me, who fain would know
The secret, hidden in all the things that grow
Of that mysterious power that never dies.
Ah, it is dreamers, Sweet, that hear like thee
The million frozen murmurs 'neath the snow
And send them into measures wild and free
That with the winged seeds through the ether go
Sailing the universe, until it be
The unborn blossoms into lyrics' blow.

XIII

And though the winds that blow thine hair are
cold,

Thou watchest still, while paler sunsets shine,
And the undazzling noons, November's sign
No longer blaze up with their fires of gold
Thou seest the naked trees and sodden mold
And yet still holdest Nature's heart divine
And makest it, so exquisitely thine
Its mystic changes on thine own are scrolled.
For dead leaves matted in the ways forlorn
Not dead leaves are to thee, but bridal bed
From whence a rose some iridescent morn
Ablush with June, will lift its radiant head:—
And thou sing'st on, despite the wild-flowers gone
Not of what is, but what shall be, instead.

XIV

The Winter days go all unheeded by
In ruthless order, while thou sit'st alone
In an enchanting Summer of thine own,
Dreaming perchance of mystic shores that lie
Kissed by the transcendent Nile, or birds that fly
Flaming through Lesbian air, or, tropic blown,
Stretches of lilies, swept by warm winds, grown
Into white crested seas that, lute souled, sigh.
Ah Sweet, I cannot follow thee in flight
Whose rainbow visions are forever nigh.
I can but watch thee as thou cleav'st the light,
Winging thy way the Sun's heart to descry,
And listen as thou shakest from thy height
The everlasting music of the sky.

XV

But not alone when the day's pageants woo
Thou art inspired, Sweet, but when the night
Like a great sable butterfly in flight
Trails its mysterious wings across the blue
And one by one, thou see'st the stars prick through
And the red moon climb up its scarlet height
Then thou so smitten with rapture at the sight
Turnest to heaven, thy winged thoughts to pursue—.

And we who read thy verses' martial flow,
Are onward borne as at a drum-beat's sign
And feel the red moon's efflorescent glow
And, see, in fire of some majestic line
In the horizoned splendor dropt below,
The rings of planets and the Pleiades shine.

XVI

The storm-racked wind is blowing o'er the trees
Shaking their naked branches into threat
Fierce-voiced as if it held the world's regret
And its immeasurable agonies.

I know not if thou see'st it lash the seas
And art with a vast restlessness beset
Or if, calm-souled, thou hear'st not their fret
And weav'st thy rhymes, fanned by a Summer
Breeze.

In that dream-held elysian region, far
From wind, and storm, and seas, and threats of ill,
Thou dwellest, shining like a flowering star
Striking out music from the heavens at will
And in some golden strain, some magic bar
Will the stars' lyric destiny fulfill.

XVII

Thine eyes, Beloved, turn from material things,
Dear, happy eyes, like gentians in the sun
Cloudless as skies when Summer has begun
That see in common air the glint of wings
To thee, the clamor of the city brings
No joy, but sight of some great cloud o'er run
With deeps of purple when the day is done
Bears out thy soul beyond the rim it clings
Lonely thou art, though in the crowded street.
Lonely like that transcendent flower that grows
On Alpine Peak. Thou hear'st, through deaf-
 'ning beat
Of gathering noise that on around thee goes
Strains wafted through Olympia, it is meet
Thou, Sweet, shouldst roam, who wearst the
 Pierian rose.

XVIII

Singer and Dreamer, that watchest day by day
The world's great movements, hearing praise and
 blame
Accorded creeds, and noting sunrise flame
Of larger thought—smiling thou turn'st away
From Time's events, more clearly to survey
Men who have shaped them, daring to make claim
If to untangle continents their aim
They would restore them each to olden sway:
And yet with mighty things so intimate
I wonder not, O Singer, thou should'st turn,
Other than vanished dynasties to rate,
Who canst with vision of the Seer, discern,
The ageless Sphinx that sits at Egypt's gate
Is less a marvel, than the Spring's return.

XIX

I know not what thou dreamst these heavenly days
If of the nightingales that sing afar
Upon the Roman hills or of some star
That trembles on the morning's chrysoprase.
If of the sun-gods breathe, that blows the haze
'Bove the out-going ocean past the bar
Or of his throned approach that leaves ajar
The horizon's gates and sets the dawn ablaze.
Nay, chance with none of these wouldst be content

For, flaming with unreach'd ideals, thy soul
Up-winged from its earthly battlement;
On some diviner height may read the scroll
Writ in the Eternal's language, and be bent
Only on dreaming of the perfect goal.

XX

And thou who holdst thine ear to heart of things,
I envy thee, who knowst how all supreme
Are Nature's secrets, and hast power to dream,
When Spring is not, the sound of blue-bird's
wings,

The brimming measure of the joy it brings,
And canst to Winter's frozen soul redeem
The mighty music of some rushing stream
Wherein June lies in every tune it plays
Yet though I also know thou must hear sighs
Of dying summers, and the whir in air
Of some last swallow as it outward flies
I envy thee not less, who hast had share
In the whole scale of knowledge, and hast grown
wise
Knowing infinities thou couldst ensnare.

XXI

Nothing can mar thy flights whose soul can wing
The mystic kingdom that is only known
Unto the music-visioned in it grown,
For swarming silences that crowd the spring
And sighing of its lilies, south winds swing
Thou canst make audible in ways thine own
And in some lyric measure can enthrone
Passion, that noontides to the Summer bring
Therefore because this golden gift is thine,
I wonder not that through thy verses stream
Rapture-like swish of waves with light ashine;
Nor that, while I am reading them, I seem
To hear the ocean rush through every line,
Who hast transfixed therein its soul supreme.

XXII

Thou mak'st the place wherein thou dwellest fair
Lending it grace like a consummate flower
And though oft-times alone, yet hour by hour
Amid thy books, holdest communion rare
Chance with Theocratus, and breath'st the air
In which the high gods dwelt, and feelest power
Of those immortal Greeks, whose thoughts still
tower

And to the world, thought's deathlessness declare.
—And when I see thee with thy head low bent
Seeming to listen to a murmurous sound
Born in thy soul, like intimation sent
From April to its wild-flowers in the ground
I know, who catch a violet's faint scent
The Spring song that eluded thee, is found.

XXIII

Minstrel that hear'st above life's sounding sea
A voice ethereal luring thee to wings,
That like a sunrise-lark continual sings
Till thou art drowned in thine own ecstasy,
Drown, drown in it, for though thou chance may'st
be

Chained like a galley slave to common things,
Though troubled by the wounds life, sharp-
fanged brings
Nor chains nor deadliest wounds can vanquish
thee.

Oh, music-hearted—whatever may befall,
Athrob with passion of divine unrest,
Even Death's scrutiny cannot appall,
With that consummate rapture in thy breast.
Some day, o'er flooding it will break its thrall
And bear thee surging out, beyond the West.

XXIV

Mating with nature thou hast learned to know
The secret solitudes of forest ways
And winged thyself with the wild wind that plays
The mountain bugles and the reeds below;
Hast stood on sands where pinks faint blushing
 grow
And looking at the sea, that surging flays
The circling shore hast seen how it obeys
The everlasting tides that ebb and flow.
Thou hast made Beauty's radiant soul thine own;
Canst shine with planets, with the sun up-leap
And, wind-winged, over mountain tops hast flown
And hast outraptured in thine upward sweep
All music, save the Eternal undertone
To which thou singst beloved, as deep to deep.

XXV

And sweeter even than the soft despair
That aspens, silvering in the summer sun,
Thrilled by the rays that from its gold heart
run,

Melodious shake upon the rose flushed air
Thy songs are for the dead: Witness they bear
To thine exhaustless love, as one by one
I seem to hear in every verse begun
Thy dropping tears, drop from the measures
there!—

Oh nightingale divine lamenting, lo
Thou has shaped fair with classic grace thine own
A monument of lyrics, that will show
She still lives on, into thy music grown
Whom Spring crowned as another Spring, and
so

Will, long as daffodils shall bloom, be known.

XXVI

Dear Sapphic Singer with thy gentian eyes,
What holds thee captive through these perfect
days?

For often cross the morning's chrysoprase
I hear a tune divine as that which lies
In bosom of a star, athrob to rise.
And know it thine! What other could appraise
The hidden music of the upper ways,
And snatch it, snatch it golden from the skies?
It is with melodies that in thee grow
Thou art held captive, and not thou alone,
For always, always I can hear them flow
Into that pulsing sea whose undertone
On-swelling through infinitudes may go
Mighty with mighty music of the throne.

XXVII

Captive in radiant castle of thy dreams,
The freedom of the universe is thine.
For thou hast winged thyself out past the line
Into the unknown vast, upon which streams
The light ineffable whose dazzling beams
Point through the purple distance, to where
The jasper gates of song wherein divine,
The amethystine air around thee gleams.
Why shouldst regret the summer drifting by
Who can make deathless something that it bore,
Some passion flower, or gold-winged butterfly,
Or sunrise, smoking on the Eastern shore,
Why, O Belovéd, shouldst for summer sigh,
Who can bring summer into bloom once more?

XXVIII

I may not hear thee singing in the vast,
So dull mine ears, but some white flowering moon
May bring the haunting cadence of a tune
That on the twilight's opal thou hast cast,
I may not hear, too far beyond thee passed,
But this my tribute, as a rose marks June,
As blushing coral signals a lagoon,
Song, sweet, is thine insignia, first and last!
For spring is thine where hyacinths never die.
Thou art enwinged—thou art a meadow lark;
Thou art a dweller in the upper sky,
That brushing sunrise, or a rainbow arc,
Art so ablaze with scarlet ecstasy
Thou dropst thy fire of music spark on spark.

XXIX

In castle of thy dreams hast thou not found
Some place where we could ponder well, as they
Who know the heart of song, is there no way
That we can take to conquer time and space
And sweep forever onward in the race
Until we melt to music, as a sound
Melts into glory of the air around?
Are not the souls of things, the souls that stay
The things imperishable for which we pray?
Holdst thou not key to song who art song
crowned?
And yet I hold belief the eternal flows
Into the singer with the song, O Sweet,
And that some coming lyric will disclose,
So near, so near to Heaven thy wings may beat,
The golden rippling of its air that blows
The golden rhythm of its seraphs' feet.

XXX

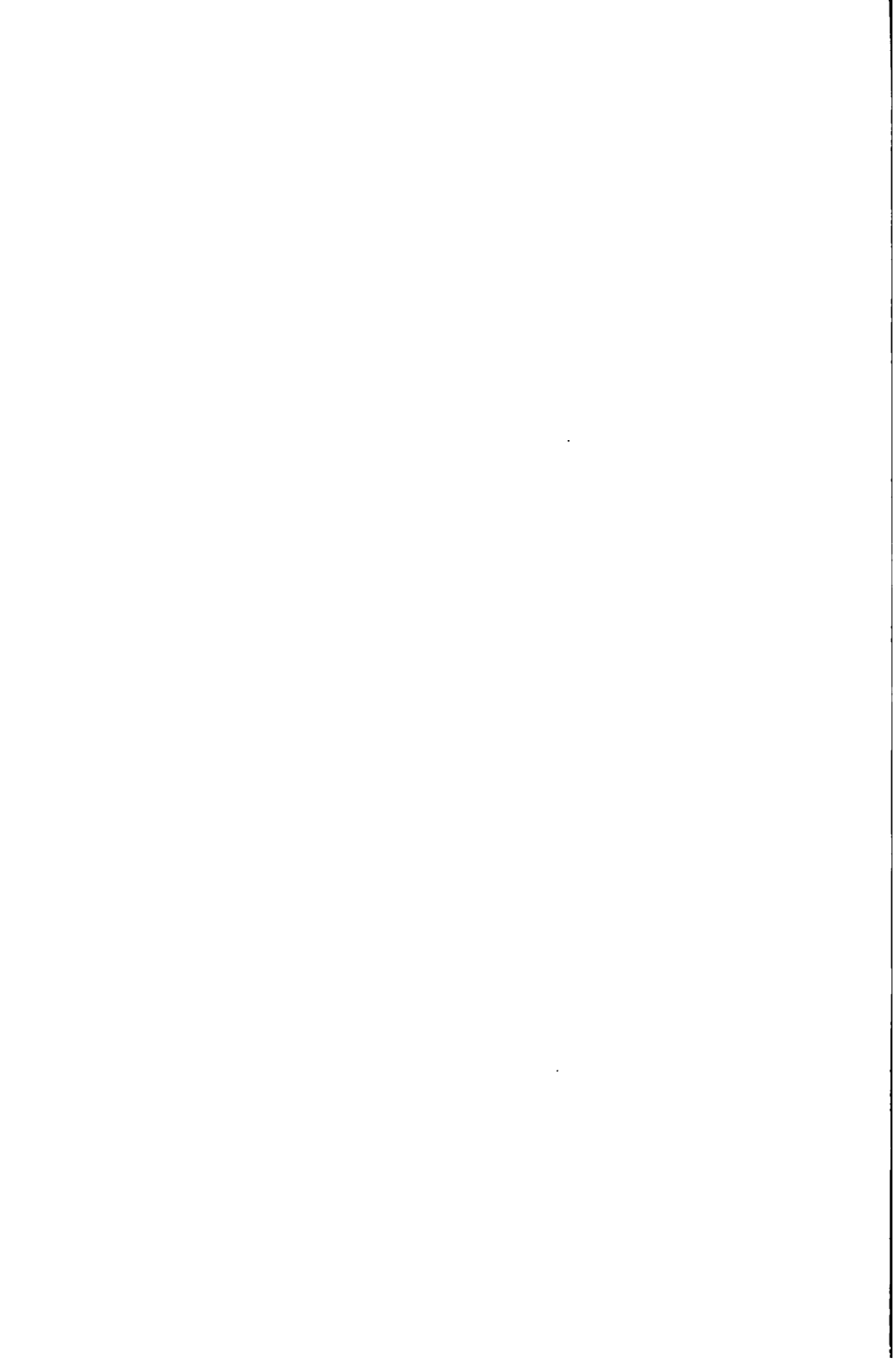
August has come with its mysterious mist,
Thou lover of the summer, all too soon
Who sangst so little time ago to June,
Holding high carnival, when it had kissed
Its first born rose; and to the amethyst
That drowned its suns; and to its orange moon,
Whose rays, lute phantomed, gave forth tune on
tune

The fireflies flashing by could not resist!
Yet thou wilt sing, although the rose be fled
Sing on, because thou hast the soul of flute;
And thou wilt watch the vapors swim o'erhead,
With the strong sea winds blowing, in pursuit,
And sudden, seeing the universe blush red,
And the gauze wrecks burn by, how canst be mute?

XXXI

And ere thou knowest summer will be gone
And melodies ethereal, note by note,
From souls of pines will down the immenses float
And then be into new immenses born:
And thou wilt see the splendor of the morn
Melt into gaugeless blue, and hear, remote
Down from the sun's heart, from an eagle's throat
The revelation of its superb scorn:
And still, still singing, swirling airs o'erhead
Will bear thy songs out past the banking flame,
And it will echo on, till time is dead:
Ah, unto thee, whose heart the spring's might
 shame,
What matter when the summer's days are told,
Who canst eternities of transport claim?

BOOK III
HEXAMETERS



TO A DREAMER OF HIGH DREAMS

YOUTH in thine own youth triumphant, who hast
heard life like a siren,
Luring thee on through the mornings, on through
the daisy-crowned valleys,
Over which butterflies shimmer, on through the
lily-blown meadows
Over which larks break to singing on through the
outstretching highways,
And through the wild-rose lit byways, up to the
summits of mountains,
Breasting the sun at the noontides, down on the
shore silver shining
Watching the moon climb the sea, hast thou not
grown to the knowledge,
However complex creation, Thought nor e'en
Science can answer
Wherefore from wombs of abysses, planets and
stars to the sky-fields
New-born shall leap into shining, hast thou not
grown to the knowledge
Infinite beauty pervades it, Infinite Love over-
looks it,
Infinite Love underlies it, and hast not then thy
soul risen
Risen as winged like an eagle, up and still up
through the ether,

Till at a breath from Jehovah, thou knowst where-
fore thy being,
Wherefore the thoughts that uplifted, wherefore
wast made in His image,
And that aspiring divinely only to heights that
are gaugeless,
Only to beauty eternal, growing as part of cre-
ation,
Intimate with the immenses, hearing the winds
and the waters,
Calling to thee as replying to thy soul's high im-
ploration
For the supreme flower of wisdom, still with the
silent voice calling
If hast through self-abnegation, climbed to the
truths that are deathless
Building a "holy of holies," vaultless and vast
as forever
Thou through the breath that was blown thee
Manifold miracles shown thee, if thou shalt walk
forth unspotted,
Mayst become leader and prophet, through the
Jehovah in thee.

TO A STAR

SWEET, who in splendor of living hast thine own
longing transcended
Taught by the visions of poets, Milton and Dante
and Homer
Breathed the same ether the gods breathed, and
their Olympia known
How shall I dare to confront thee? Lost in the
wastes of the desert
What can I show thee to win thee, who can bring
nothing but weeping?
Will not from lightning within thee, dark of my
being disown?
Thou hast gained measureless knowledge, soared
with the nightingales singing
Listened and grown to, and joined in, rush of the
fathomless ocean
Taken thy place with the planets, intimate grown
with the sun.
What shall I show thee to win thee, thou with
Immensities racing
I, with my broken wings trailing, seeking to fol-
low and find thee
Only this one rapture left me, triumph at goal
thou hast won.
Day by day growing diviner thou hast gained
stature of sages
Broken through infinite boundries into the infinite
spaces

Melted to music above thee, borne nor from
land nor from sea,

What can I bring thee to win thee, I with my
broken wings trailing?

Yet if thou backward shall beckon, love that lies
wounded, will heal me

And from the heart of the desert, Sweet, I shall
climb toward thee.

A LETTER FROM A STAR

News from the mystic Immenses borne from the
 heavens unhorizoned,
Sweeter than nightingale's transports, sheathed
 in the soul of a sunrise
Quickens my soul and bears it up to where
 speech is forgotten
Up to where visions ethereal, grow to divine rev-
 elations
Up to the center of ether blazing with breath of
 archangels
That through the universe streaming circles in
 vast radiations,
Bearing the rapture of ages, on to the rapture
 in thee.
Swept on invisible pinions up through the fath-
 omless azure
Into the vaultless resplendence, thou shalt bear
 message from Eden
Born in the bosoms of seraphs, filled with a mighty
 rejoicing
Set to magnificent silence of the Ineffable's foot-
 falls
Thou hast borne message from Eden, that shall
 proclaim thee immortal;
All that is now, and that has been, thou shalt in
 fullness partake of.
Knowledge of this world, the age of, and of the
 worlds that are ageless,

Thou shalt partake of insatiate, till thou hast
found the Eternal
And through eternities, boundless, measureless
triumph be thine.

Golden abysses of sunshine, whirlwinds of flower
exaltations

They shall be thine to embathe in, when with
Life's heat thou art fainting

Winds that bear bloom to the Summer, thou shalt
have strength to outride them

Noontides that halo the mountains, thou shalt
dream dreams to eclipse them

All that now is, and that has been, Beauty incar-
nate of ages

Beauty and knowledge and myst'ry into thy soul
shall be added

Till in the splendor of promise, what thou hast
grown to, shall wing thee

And thou shalt out-pace the planets, rays of the
sun shall out-dazzle

And through the vast of Forever, mount to the
Infinite breast.

A SUMMER FANTASY

BREATHING the perfumes of wildwoods wafted on
winds of the morning,
Wooded from the dazzle of sunshine, into the
violet shade;
Heard I the harps of the summer, nor could I
listening discover,
Mingling with splashing of fountains, drowned
by the birds in the glade
Smitten with music of aspens, what were the
tunes that they played.

Over the delicate mosses into a pathway elysian,
Where in ineffable beauty star blossoms cluster-
ing grew,
Wandered I, farther and farther, till in the heart
of the forest,
Into a silence exalted reaching aloft to the
blue,
Swept into measureless rapture, Spirit of
Summer I knew.

Never a crimson bird rustled, never a bee stung
a rose leaf,
Infinite stretches of azure motionless trees
overtopped;
Noiseless the sunlight they filtered, mingled its
gold with the shadows,

Noiseless the needles of pine trees into the
radiancy dropped;
Down in the heart of the forest, even its beating
had stopped.

Then while I waited expectant, down from a
mountain she called me;
Harp after harp she touched lightly as in her
splendor she came;
Sudden the fountains 'gan splashing, crimson
birds climbing the ether,
Left on the sky as they neared it winging reflections of flame,
And on the brims of the roses, bees sipp'd
their nectar the same.

Spake I, thou canst not escape me, Summer, thou
vision ethereal;
Thou art the fern leaf's resplendence trans-
fixed with dewdrops ashine;
Thou art incarnate of music, harps of the uni-
verse playing;
Thou art incarnate of silence, than all its tunes
more divine,
Thou art the earth's efflorescence, thou art the
blush of its wine.

Never again shalt escape me, thou art my cap-
tive forever;
For at the altar of silence down in the violet
glade

I was baptized in thy beauty, knew by that
measureless rapture
As thine invisible pinions sweepst down from
mountain to glade,
Thou wert the harps and the harpist; yea, and
the tunes that were played.

WINDS OF THE SUMMER**I**

WINDS of the Summer are blowing over the daisy-
lit meadows,
Tossing them, sprinkling the grasses, into a sea
of white billows,
Shaking the pink of the hawthorn into the
sheen of the light;
Bearing the perfumes of roses out through the
golden-lit spaces,
Flirting their way through the forests, searching
the flower-hidden places,
Wings of the wild birds outstripping, tireless
they go on their flight.

Wandering o'er vivid green lowlands, fanning the
streams into ripple,
Wafting the sun-flooded willows into enphan-
tomed resplendence,
Warm with the breath of the tropics, borne
from the South and the West,
Chasing from shore to the ocean, farther and still
farther winging,
Lured by the voices of sirens, down in its shining
depths singing,
Feathering its spray into rainbow's kiss they
the blue on its breast.

Out from immensities calling, swept from beyond
the horizon,

Whispering low as they pass me, melodies never
forgotten,

Blow they from dazzle of mountains, down to
the heart of the sea :

Blow they, how far past the sunpeaks, Love has
been winged to o'ertake them—

Blow they from deeps in the sea's heart—Love
has known raptures that shake them—

Blow where they will, they but blow back souls
of divine years to me.

II

Borne on the wings of a sunrise over the moun-
tains and valleys

Rushing with rosy insistence into the white arms
of day,

Greeted by chorus of wild birds, bugled by mighty
voiced waters,

Summer the herald of beauty, Summer the happy
souled virgin,

Comes from the kiss of the Spring time, drop-
ping her flowers by the way.

Fanned by the butterflies winging, lulled by the
bees 'mong the lilies

Shaking her hair in the noontides golden as fleece
of the Sun.

Gliding through silver of moonlights into the pur-
ple starred midnights,

Summer the herald of beauty, Summer the happy
souled virgin
Dreams, while her own crimson currents into the
roses' hearts run.
Breathing the breath of the south wind tranced
with the sky's yearning azure,
Child of the Summers, since chaos, clad in divineness
as they
Hearing the echoes of music piped forth by Pan
since creation,
Summer, the herald of beauty, Summer the happy
souled virgin
Comes with the songs of the ages, singing them all
on her way.

III

Down past the golden-lit meadows, rivers are
languorous murmuring,
Out from the deeps of the forests, breath of the
pine trees is blown,
Clouds of the morning are rose drenched, noon-
tides are swooning with silence,
Day dreams have silvered the daisies, starlight
has flowered to azaleas,
I can hear Summer's voice clamor—why art thou
silent, mine own?
Buttercups toss in the sunshine; cloud shadows
float o'er the grasses;
Hills like a necklace of sapphire lie on the breast
of the sky;

Lured by the trumpet flower's color, humming
birds thither are darting;
Leaves with the light overladen, quivering are
borne into music;
I can hear Summer's voice clamor—can I the
Summer deny?

IV

Onto my soul, quick with longing, Art thou, I
cried out, a craven?
Hark to the million voiced chorus calling thee
forth from the night!
Borrow the wings of the lightning, mount up aloft
like the eagle;
Thou hast been drunken with sorrow, drink thou
to-day of the glory;
Thou has been vested in sackcloth, wrap thy-
self round with the light.

Shake off the chill of the grave-damps, thou shalt
be captive no longer;
Make thyself part of the ocean rushing in might
to the shore,
Learn thou its undertones' rapture; sweep
with the winds o'er its vastness;
Compass the heavens with thy daring; outride
the sun in its coursing;
Wheel with the stars in their orbits; thou shalt
be trammelled no more.

Speed o'er the purple of sunsets faster than
clouds in their sailing;

Speed in the arms of the Summer up to earth's
uttermost height;

Thou shalt discover life's secrets, for thou art
born of Jehovah;

Thou hast been drunken with sorrow, thou shalt
be drunken with glory;

Thou hast been vested in sackcloth—thou shalt
be winged with the light.

TO AN OCTOBER SOUTH WIND

SOUTH WIND, o'erladen with perfume, blown from
the damp of the marshes,
Drifting out over the ocean, lying in measureless
rest,

Thou who elusive and free wert passionate soul
of the summer

Breath that awakened the wild rose, springing to
bloom on its breast,

Hast thou, the summer lamenting, come, of the
summer in quest?

South Wind, in vain thou wilt search through
torches that flare in the forests

And through the sublimate sunshine flaunting its
gold on the ground;

Thou mayst search blaze of the hilltops, sylvan
dells hidden in valleys,

Yet, though the soul of the summer, since from
the summer unbound,

Thou mayst wing uttermost places, summer will
never be found.

South Wind, October is flinging banners exultant
to hail thee,

Thou, who canst sport with the cloud hosts,
glitt'ring o'er land and o'er main,

Canst thou not, past the horizon, bring through
its purple enrimming

74 **In a Portuguese Garden**

Out from the luminous silence, what I have listened in vain—

Voice of unspeakable rapture borne from Love's infinite plane?

LAMENTATION

"For there is none among men whom Zeus appoints not
and wills to unmeasured ills." Mimmermus, 620 B.C.

Down through the ages are rolling infinite woes
of the people;

Sound of the measureless weeping, drenching the
earth since creation,

Louder than wails from the sea's womb that in
perpetual travail

Prest with its neverborn undertone sobs in its
consummate anguish,

Out of the pits that ye live in born of the outcasts
of Eden,

Monarchs of agonies mighty crowned with the
blood sweat of living,

Come forth, O mortals, and listen clad in the
ashes of mourners

For till in grave damps ye molder, hiding ye
cannot escape it.

For ye are part of the chorus swelling the vast
lamentation

Mad to discover the secrets nailed up in coffins
forever,

Stung with the fangs of remembrance poisoned
with impotent longings,

Writhing with passions of music strangled to
discord in utterance,

This is the doom ye inherit, scourged with the
scourge of the Human,

This is the doom ye inherit, clad in the ashes of
mourners,
While with the universe battling, though with
but death to be victors,
Ye shall increase the vibrations borne from de-
spairs of the millions.

Reeking with black desolation into the chaos of
moanings
Ye shall hurl cries of your torments, as from
the still undelivered;
This is the doom ye inherit, born of the outcasts
of Eden,
Tissues of souls shall be tested till they are
strained to their utmost;
Ye shall dig pits that ye live in with the swords
drawn from your vitals;
For ye are monarchs of agonies crowned with the
blood sweat of living,
And ye shall never know triumph till ye are loosed
from Time's fetters,
And ye shall never know rapture till in Eternity's
bosom.

A RHAPSODY

LISTLESSLY watching the Pleiades breasting
Night's ebb tide superbly,
Lo in the east came hint of the sun; and the soul
of the morning
Swept into mine like an eagle, and with its jubi-
lant courage
Down from the winds I drew joy of the hills; and
the breath of the daisies
Lifted me upward exultant; and what had held
me in bondage
I in the swirl of morning forgot; and I broke
loose from Sorrow,
Saying: "Ye chain me no longer, for I am
winged with the summer;
Yea, and am drunken with glory of day, for
like wine in its foaming
Red with the bubbles of sunrise, beaded and spar-
kling I quaff it.
And I am whirled through the air like a bird, and
I hear in the spaces
Voices of murmuring rivers swelling to articula-
tion,
Till in the rush of seas I rejoice; and the sky and
the mountains
However distant I scale them, nor can the white
clouds outsail me;
For behold I can speed with the light, and the
universe round me

Melts to the universe in me." Soul, O my soul
pierced with Morning,
Sight of the sun is less than thou cravest; for
with measureless longing
Thou hast outridden the Pleiades and swept past
Night of lamenting;
Yet, though thy rapture of wings has been brief,
thou hast outgrown the eagles.

FREE

Soul, I have broken my fetters, Summer has lent
me its pinions,
And with the winds I am sporting, sweeping the
harps of the forests,
And with the clouds I am sailing azure that edges
the sea ;
Breasting its rainbow-capped billows, hearing its
undertone's secrets,
Breaking out past the horizon into the infinite
vastness.
Soul, I am reckless with Summer ; Soul, for to-
day I am free.

I can hear soundless vibrations, rising and falling
like music,
Making the sublimite silence splendid with rap-
ture of rhythm,
For I am one with the noontide and with the glory
to be,
One with the sun at its zenith ; I am ablaze with
its shining ;
I can look down on the hilltops, mount up out-
stripping the eagles.
Soul, I am drunken with Summer ; Soul, for to-
day, I am free.

What though to-morrow I go back, torn from
the measureless glory,
Back to the pit of the human, clad in the vesture
of sorrow,
Sailing no more o'er the azure, breasting no
longer the sea?
I have known transport of pinions, and though
the Summer deny me
Anguish that slays me shall wing me, nothing
shall hold me in bondage.
Soul, I shall still traverse kingdoms; Soul, I have
learned to be free.

TO THE EAGLE

EAGLE that mountest exultant searching the
uttermost places

Making the motionless silence quiver with rush of
thy pinions,

Winging the golden rimmed mornings, sailing the
purple lit twilights

Plunging through glory of noon-tides into the
day, snowy blossomed,

Beating out past the horizon, racing with clouds
as they run

Breasting the solitudes virgin, circling o'er fore-
heads of mountains

Hovering the shadows abysmal gathered in fis-
sures and chasms

Light from thy bladed wings spilling over the
tops of the forests

Stern and majestic and regal, never a bird to
approach thee

Hast thou no pang at thy lonesome, listening to
heart of the sun?

Never a bird to approach thee—all the magnifi-
cence hidden

Knowledge of sublimate grandeurs, millions of
marvels primeval

Traces of volcanic splendors, tracts of impass-
able ridges

Hast thou no longing to share them, hast thou
no longing to show them?

Never a bird to approach thee, never a listener
won

Too high aloft from the meadow murmurs to
hear of the wild bees

Exquisite sighs of the hyacinths breathed at the
kiss of the sunshine

Æolian stir of the grasses, silver regrets of the
aspens

Or the divine breasted river heaving its tides into
singing

Hast thou no pang for thy loneliness listening to
heart of the sun?

Eagle that mountest exultant—in the fierce joy
of thy daring

Thou art not conqueror wholly, for while with
battling winds wearied

Cradled in crag of a boulder—up through the
blush of the sunrise

Up, through the tangles of rainbows dazzling the
dawns of the springtime

Rises a lark that transfuses all its soul's infinite
passion

Into aerial flamed raptures, till the whole heav-
ens are o'er run:

Thou who hast circled o'er forests, swept o'er
the foreheads of mountains,

Hovered o'er shadows abysmal beaten out past
the horizon

Hast not the lark overcome thee? How shall
thou call thyself conqueror

Who hast not broken the blue through, with a
supreme exaltation?

In the fierce joy of thy daring, never a bird to
approach thee

Always in upper air sailing, always alone in thy
triumphs,

How shall thou call thyself conqueror, who hast
not swung into rhythm

Who hast not swung into rapture, listening to
heart of the sun?

MEMORIAL DAY

MARCH to the graves of our soldiers, ye who were
with them in battle,
March, too, at sound of the bugles, ye of the new
generations,
And in divinest remembrance crown them with
lilies of May;
Ye, who were born into freedom, ye, who are heirs
to their glory,
Honor the dauntless who went forth, wakened
from youth's golden dreaming,
And the one blot on our country, washed with
their life's blood away.

Pillowed on heart that they loved so, rest they in
slumber unbroken;
Snows of the winters have hushed them, winds of
the summers caressed them,
Warm, as to kiss back the wild flowers, spring's
tears above them have rained;
Yearn, O ye sunrises, o'er them—they gave re-
lease to the captives—
Burn, O ye stars, as rejoicing—they are enrolled
with the mighty
Victors who died for love's proving, and a new
country attained.

March to the graves of our soldiers, march with
your crownings of lilies;
Voices of love cannot reach them yet, though
they sleep on unheeding.
Millions unborn will proclaim them, ages their
fame will increase;
Blow forth, ye bugles, the message—they were
our country's redeemers;
Blow forth, O bugles, the message, they are be-
loved of Immortals:
It was not Death overcame them—it was the
Angel of Peace.

THE LIVING TO THE DEAD

MEMORIAL DAY

COMRADES that fell in the battle, we, whom we
 camped with, remaining,
Stand in spring's passionate sunshine decking the
 graves where ye lie
Listening to fife and to drum beat, as when ye
 once marched beside us,
And in yon heaven we salute you, comrades that
 never can die.

Out from the peace of your households, crowned
 with the splendor of manhood,
Answering the call of your country, holding its
 sunrise flag high,
Wielding your swords 'gainst oppression struck
 ye undaunted for freedom,
And in yon heaven we salute you, comrades that
 never can die.

Ah, ye had love that was greatest, yea, ye were
 slaughtered to prove it,
And through the long generations, none shall
 your glory deny;
Brothers of Christ in your purpose, brothers for-
 ever beside him,
Lo! in yon heaven we salute you, comrades that
 never can die.

PEACE

From the bugles that called to the battle, and
the thud of the armies' tread;
From the murderous swords uplifted, with their
sharp blades running red;
From the agonized cries of the wounded, and
horses, trampling the dead—
Lo! the sudden release of the White Dove of
Peace and the blue of the Summer o'erhead.

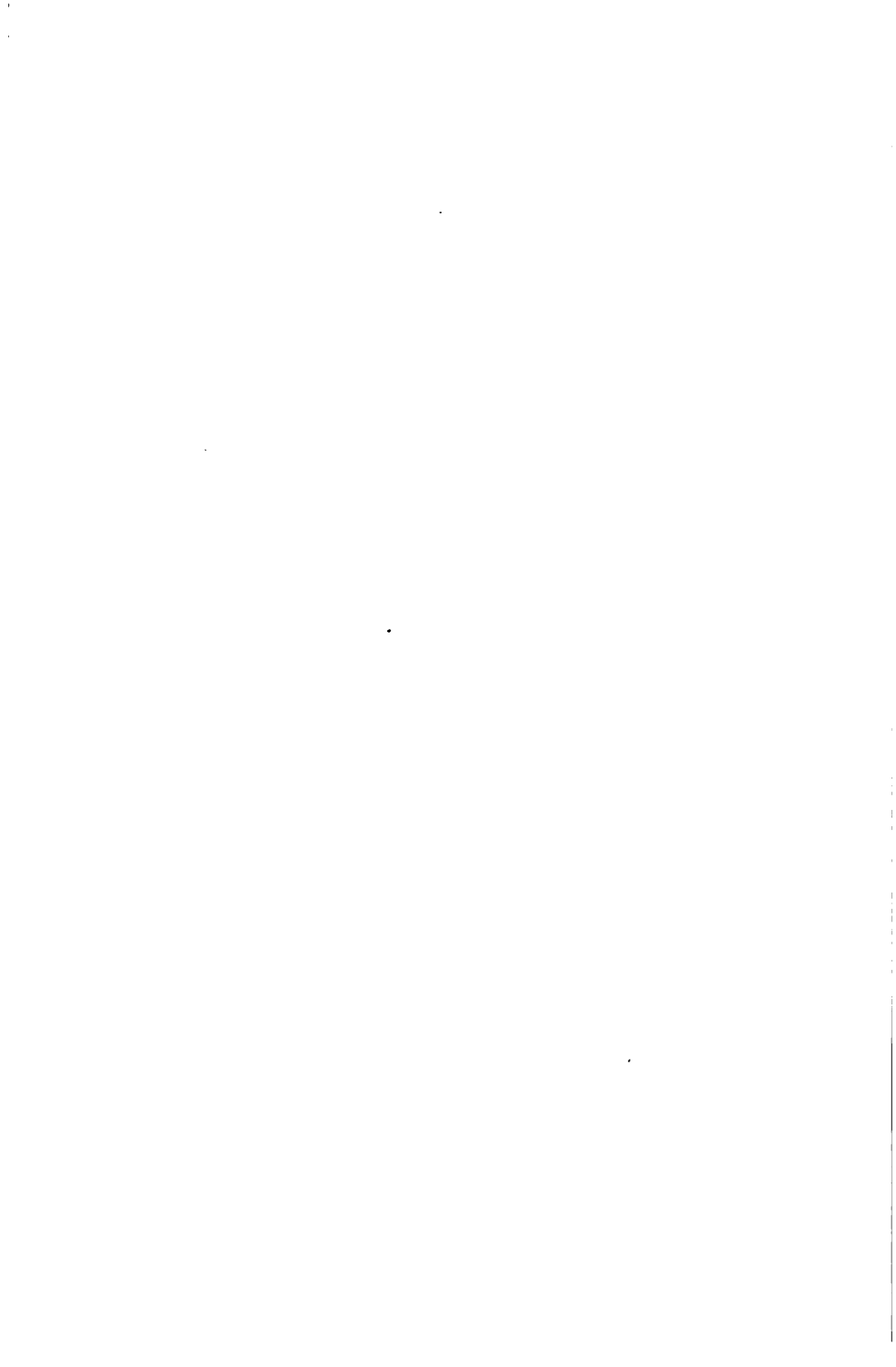
From the hidden mines' awful explosions, and
cannons' thundering boom;
From the bloody waves drinking the dying, and
the running of Hell's vast loom:
From the nations enwrapt in conflict, and their
rulers enwrapt in gloom—
Lo! the sudden release of the White Dove of
Peace and the lilies of Summer a-bloom.

From the lion-souled patriots fighting no grim-
ness of Death could appall;
From the mothers that went forth unweeping,
and gave to the Country their all,
With desolate hearts as of Rachel, and stony
despairs, as of Saul—
Lo! the sudden release of the White Dove of
Peace and the whole world held in thrall.

From the bugles that called to the battle blow
 pæans to East and to West
That shall reach the Earth's lowliest valleys from
 mountains supremest confest,
That shall gladden the souls of the angels, in the
 music of angels expressed,
For the sudden release of the White Dove of
 Peace, that was winged from Jehovah's
 breast.

BOOK IV

**EDWARD THE SEVENTH AND
OTHER THRENODIES**



EDWARD THE SEVENTH

AN ODE

I

ENGLAND, bend low 'bove thine exalted dead ;
A sovereign messenger of Peace has passed
Thy royal guarded gates, and through them led,
With his unsandaled feet, thy kingly King.

 Into the Vast,
He went forth with the panoply of spring
Blazoning around him, not to martial sound
Of bugle or of drum, but wrapt in hush profound,
 In the magnificence of death laid down Scepter
 and crown

For a new dwelling in a new domain,
In a diviner realm to reign.
What gifts hadst thou, O England, to compare,
No measured country his to share,
But the illimitable sweeps afar,
 Reached, star by star,

 Where the Eternals are :—
O England, bid thy nightingales sing low,
Sing low, sing low, thy King asleep,
And bid the winds that o'er the hawthorn blow

 And cross the heather sweep
No more the harps of spring to wake
But into requiems of silence go,
 Mighty as endless woe,
Mightier than those chorused forth that thy
 whole Kingdom shake.

II

Nation made desolate,
Thy Peoples' lamentations fill the air,
 But what of her, drowned in supreme despair,
 Thy Queen?
How shalt thou even dare
To seek to gauge the gulf of thy regret
While she, with bleeding pangs unguessed,
Sits, sword to hilt plunged in her breast?
Lend her thy lion strength on which to lean,
Pay to the King who ruled so well thy debt,
Weep not, O England, for thyself, but for thy
 Queen, thy Queen.

III

England bend low; thy King sleeps well
With all life's honors and perplexments done,
 He sleeps, as in a spell:
So let him sleep who has outsoared the sun;
So let him sleep in his transcendent rest,
Who has met, breast to breast,
 The everlasting one;
And wearing his insignia, why
Ah why for him put sackcloth on?
Plucking the flower of Immortality
He went forth with the panoply of spring
Blazoning around him, into the Vast—God's Vast,
 and won

A rank that only death could bring,
Sublimar than of king—
And so—sleeps well,
England, lift up again thy mighty head
Be comforted—
Thy King sleeps well, sleeps well—why weep?—
Let the King sleep.—

LONDON

AFTER THE KING'S BURIAL

I

THE King is dead—he went from king's command
The mandates of a Mightier to obey;
Out from the Abbey where in state he lay,
Past mourning multitudes, that London spanned,
Past crowned heads, princes, peers, and band on
band

Of guards and soldiers and enflowered display,
Was borne to his eternal rest away,
While a wild rain of weeping swept the land—
He went from cares of state, and war's alarms,
From problems, doubts, and life's vexed harmonies

Into the rapture of eternal calms;
And summer, summer wraps the bed he lies,
While in the royal hand may shine the palms
They only pluck who wander Paradise.

II

The city's traffic is no longer stayed
And clamorous noises, surging upward, ring
Upon the air of summer thundering
Like muffled din of distant cannonade:
But howe'er loud the brazen voice of trade,
It will not summon back the flowering spring
Or waken from his dreamless sleep the King
Within his splendid mausoleum laid:
The King, Victoria's son, who reigned so well,
Who sought with power of Peace, to stay the
 rents
That threatened foreign policies, and quell
Mutterings of jealousies and discontents
And calm and wise, as history will tell,
With matchless skill untangled continents.

III

Within the castle sits the widowed Queen,
Wondering that Life's full tides should round her
 flow,
Seeing the young and careless-hearted go
Searching the ways for pleasure, caught by sheen
Of rainbow'd bubbles, in each passing scene,
Who never yet have kissed the lips of woe,
While she, with silent grief and head bent low
Sits dropping down her heavy tears unseen.
Sits, with new knowledge of Love's crucial creed,
Not gained by lips of prophet, or of priest,
The creed, wherein is written, that none may read
"What of the coming day," how fair the East
Sits crownless, crownless save for brows that
 bleed,
Who yesterday sat with the King at feast.

IV

From off the shining crest of distant hills
The summer zephyrs over London blow
With a hot languor, moving to and fro
The thick dense vapor that the city fills;
The great sun, through the smoke embankments,
spills

Its yellow light upon the streets below
On crash and beat and roar and flare and show
And juggernaut of greed, that grinding, kills.
On brawl of commerce in the open mart
On steaming atmosphere that films the land,
And hides St. Paul's magnificence, in part,
On saddened crowds, that silent thread the
Strand,

And London in a swoon, with thudding heart
Seeming to reel and sway, as built on sand.

V

The Abbey reached, London's cathedral tomb,
The rain begins to fall, thick as the tears
Of all the mourners of the vanished years
Whose dead are lying in its massive womb.
I wander past, and in the gathering gloom
Half envy those, who know, nor hopes, nor fears
Nor burning stings of Grief's relentless spears,
Oblivious alike to blight or bloom!
Sudden the sun again—and boom and flow
And maelstrom that the city compasseth;
And with a rush of flooding life, I know
How vast its tides, how wonderful its breath,
And winged with flame that leaps within me, go
Sailing through air, where nothing dies—but
Death.

VI

London behind, with smoke and gloom and glare
With all its pageantries and changes done,
I watch the lakes, whose waters silent run
Hushing to rest the hills embossed there:
The skies, an ecstasy of azure wear,
And swirls of purple, from the ground begun
Swim from the heather, upward toward the sun
Into divine effulgence of the air—
Nor can escape from Death—for near, one lies,
Above whose poet heart the wild flowers spring
Who recks not, of the sun, or lakes, or skies,
Or hills, whereon the larks regretting, sing,
Or that, the air of London reeks with sighs,
Or that, on England's bosom, sleeps a King.

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ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

DEATH, thou hast brought on thy pinions noise-
lessly down from on high
Scope for this mighty-voiced minstrel, scope for
the singer of raptures.
Up past the stars massive chording; up past the
swirling of planets
Into the infinite spaces where infinite ecstasies lie—
Into the infinite spaces, golden and sunlit and
bright,
Death, thou has brought him triumphant, scope
for the passion of flight,
Swinburne the mighty-voiced minstrel, Swinburne,
the singer of light.
Out beyond limits of England; out beyond all the
world's limits,
Into the boundless Forever fanned by the music-
blown air,
He has seen flaming archangels, sun-crowned has
joined in their chorus.
He has seen song sweeps outstretching, golden
and sunlit and fair.
Into the song sweeps outstretching, golden and
sunlit and bright,
Death, thou has brought him transfigured, scope
for the passion of flight,
Swinburne the mighty-voiced minstrel, Swinburne
the singer of light.

T. B. ALDRIDGE

SOUNDLY he sleeps on Death's imperial bed,
This lyric Poet, with his soul afar
Shining exaltedly like some great star
Caught from the breast of morn to Heaven o'er-
head.

Climbing earth's dizziest height with fearless
tread,

Lo, from the peak he reached, nothing could mar
His prophet vision, nor could sunrise bar

His entrance, into where its rapture led!

Oh, Poet, who hast dreams empurpled worn,

Halos of dreams sublimer 'round thee shine.

Unto the Eternal heart of music borne

Thou liest, who its rhythm could so divine,

Calm browed and unperplexed—and while we
mourn

The mastery of Infinitudes is thine.

RICHARD WATSON GILDER

In ether of divinest thought, he dwelt
This silent singer, up, so near the sky
 That all the morning's ecstasy
Into his being grew,
Until within his veins he felt
The liquid sunrise pouring through
In rushing streams of golden fire that burned
 to Song:
His soul was like a mighty harp, stringed with
 the light
Perfect, as rays that thread the noon at Sum-
 mer's golden height
 That sweet and strong
Attuned to exaltations sent forth strains
Ineffable as the melodious winds that blow
The pines into aeolian regrets,
Or that of tender April rains
Kissing in their transcendent flow
The opening lids of new-born violets;
 Now deep and low,
Now like the ocean's swelling undertone
Whose massive diapason rolls, organed from zone
 to zone
In solitude of mountain tops and streams
That were familiar to his eager sight
 As clamorous in might
As the wild thunders that above them broke
The silences that filled the air awoke

Innumerable dreams,
That shaped to noble metres, sprang
 From line to line
Magnificently on, and on,
Until the goal of classic song was won;
Nor yet content, still on, and on, he sang,
Drinking insatiate the imperial wine,
From knowledge of the ages pressed,
 And giving wings
To the mysterious immeasurable things,
The chrysalis of genius could not hide
That into vivid life resplendent flew
Holding the world enthralled, while past the blue
Into Creation's heaven of heavens they palpi-
tated through,
 Until with overwhelming tide
 Of overwhelming light,
The apocalypse of song within his breast,
The harp-strings snap'd—the music stopped—
 and the pale singer lay
In the full splendor of Eternal day.

JULIA WARD HOWE

SWING out, oh gates of the sunrise,
Wider with weight of the glory
Borne from the infinite dazzle,
Caught from the Throne and its lilies
And from the pinions approaching,
Winging toward light ye enclose
Sing forth invisible choirs
In a magnificent chorus,
Led by the shining arch angels
Rapture on rapture enharping,
While into music's eternal
Music's supreme flower goes.

Wider, swing wider, oh gateway,
Till e'en to earth's blinded vision
Press of the transcendent glory
As of her joy to bear witness
Down through the suffocate silence
Drops like a kiss from on high.
Listen, oh hearts that enheld her,
And ye may hear in the distance
Sweeping in exquisite sweetness
Through the new heaven that enwraps her
Voice of Jehovah's beloved
Break, like a star through the sky.

Swing out, oh gates of the sunrise,
Wider and wider and wider
Until the whole heavens shall shine forth
Like the apocalypse blazing
And for a sublimate moment
Rays whence it springs ye disclose,
Neath which invisible choirs
Sing in magnificent chorus,
Led by the shining arch angels
Rapture on rapture enharping,
While into music's eternal
Music's supreme flower goes.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

DEATH, Love's high priest, upon Love's mission
bent,

Enwrapt this soul in a majestic calm
And left him smiling with the mystic charm
To the Immortals by the Immortals lent.
Out through the silent gates, behold he went,
Unknowing aught of shrinking or alarm,
Led onward by the Eternal, palm to palm,
Into another, fairer continent.
Oh, mighty one, Apostle of the light,
Dreamer of earth for Earth all too divine,
Thou wert baptized in heavenly joy and light
Ere thou hadst winged beyond the boundary line
And into glory of the Infinite
Hast taken thy place with cherubim ashine.

ALBERT LAIGHTON, POET

He lent his ear, this Singer whom we knew,
To murmurous secrets of the Summer air,
And in a verse, the while, the South winds blew.
Transfixed them, unaware.

He made the Sea's eternal voice his own,
And from its everlasting music wrought
A sublimated measure, arteried through,
With golden flame of Thought.

And then he vanished, like a sunrise glow:—
But the South winds he heard, still blow
divine,
And the sea's rapture at its Tidal flow,
Lives, in some magic line.

And all the secrets of the upper air
That only to Immortals can belong,
He long since learned, whom Genius Crowned
fair,
With the white flower of song.

A. P.

HE touched the countless chords of Life, and
played
So wondrously upon its complex keys
That ere we knew, sprang forth strange har-
monies
And bar by bar the perfect song was made;
Great thoughts inspired him, and he essayed
From their fair fields the fairest flowers to seize,
And taught by Beauty, listening its decrees,
His own divinest impulses obeyed.
Nor do we question wherefore should he go,
For they who climb the summits, breathing air
They unseen breathe, who all Earth's secrets
know,
Are shining marks for Death—Death found him
there,
And to the masters he had loved below
Led him still higher, their Heaven of thought to
share.

THE SINGER G. C. L.

HE went, like a lark springing, morning to
breast

In a glory enwrapt, with his face to the sun;
With a song on his lips he had only begun;
By the music within him divinely opprest,
From the rapture of singing to rapture of rest.

He gave to the world, borne aloft to song's crest
In measures from stars in the Pleiades caught
The sublimities lyric'd from vast of his
thought;—

Then went, like a lark springing, morning to
breast
From the rapture of singing to rapture of rest.

TOSCA LYON**I****A MEMORIAL**

SHE was so radiant when I saw her last
With the strange rapture on her face they wear
Whose aureoles are shaping in the air,
I turned me to the east when she had passed,
To see what shadow on the sun was cast,
And then I knew her soul in light had share
And that toward that dazzling elsewhere
Her feet in glory shod, were travelling fast.
And so I lost my heart to her that day
As the dull things of earth lose hearts to Spring,
And through the immeasurable bloom of May
I search the sunny spots where wild flowers cling
For some divinest violet hidden away
She smiled upon in last year's blossoming.

II**ON HER PICTURE TAKEN IN EGYPT**

WHAT dreamed this flower of flowers in that
strange land
Where Pharaohs reigned and where they lay at
rest
In splendor of barbaric jewels drest?
What were her fancies as she stretched her hand
To pluck the leaves by tropic breezes fanned?

She looks as if she held within her breast
Imperial secrets by the Sphinx confessed,
And all the ages' truths her eyes had scanned;
Nay, more, she looks as if her soul had sight
Of an Immense to which she might be won.
Only, Love near, awhile she stayed her flight
That still her happy heart was bent upon.
So, knoweth now whence comes the Pleiades'
light;
Yea, and can count the fires of Orion.

EMERSON

'Mong men he was a master; with his eyes
Forever questioning Nature, he grew wise,
 The secrets of the Spring unraveling;
And with its laughing rivers, laughed,
And from the Springs of all the ages, quaffed
 The attar of their joy, and learned innumer-
 able notes to sing
 From birds on wing,
Till into music he could set
 The perfume of a violet
And drew, from exhalations of its dew
Into his rippling cadences, the rapture of its
 blue.

'Mong men he was a master; and drinking deep
 From bosom of the heavens that o'er him
 swept,
 Was nurtured on the spheres, and kept
His soul attuned to their imperial sweep;
Yea, traveled with them, till his pace
 They could no longer keep,
Then vanished into space,
 Up through the ether fine
 They only breathe who are divine!—
But still the world sings, and it still will sing
 The song wherein the master set
 The rapture of the violet;
He cannot die, whose spirit caught

The laughter of the streams;
And color of his unhorizoned dreams
Into cerulean music wrought—
In kingly state
He stands out, with the great,
And this the message that the century gives,
The master lives!

THRENODY

I

THE sun sprang forth to meet the golden day,
The day we knew her first, too fair to die,
And the glad April on its glittering way,
Dropped violets from the sky.

II

With music of the ages all aflame,
Raptured with jonquil splendors of the east,
From near and far its voice transcendent came,
Like the sky's soul released.

III

And listening to the melody supreme
Too near the angels to have known regrets,
A radiant child as in a radiant dream,
Bloomed with the violets.

IV

O child transfigured, who wert April's own,
With nature rhythmic to its pulses' swing,
Up from the arms that held thee, thou hast flown
Into the arms of Spring.

CIRCUMSTANCE

HE was like lark climbing to some new height,
Plunging the radiant shining ether through,
That with exultant pinions sweeps the blue
And sings to it ecstatic with its light:—
How could this high-souled dreamer turn from
flight

And to the illimitable, forsake the clew
And the low levels of the earth pursue
And be content with them, as swallows might?
How could he for a "silver piece" betray
His own high genius?—nay, what time he bore
Heaven on his breast, he had heard mighty play
Of wings therein up-sweeping score on score,
And so, with face turned East toward the day
Listening th' immortals, learned the way to soar.

MY SILENT SINGER

HE was the fairest thing
The April skies, all palpitante with blue,
As if with violets abrim,
Looked down upon;
And birds were won,
Sweeping the sunrise fires to sing to him
Who, gladdest of the sunrise visions knew,
And whose young voice had ring
Like laughter of the thousand streams,
That, wakened from their wintry dreams,
Ran, rippling to the sea;

Ah me, ah me!

My little, star-eyed child
That with the violets came, and smiled,
And, with ineffable content,
Smiled on—and with the violets went.

The spring winds, now, that blow
And to the hills and valleys whisper low,
Listen, in vain, to hear
The music of his footsteps drawing near;
The rippling laughter of the streams goes on;
But gladdest note from April's voice is gone;
And waves of sunshine golden drifting go,
And, soundless, search the lily blooming ground,
And, soundless, grow to rainbows on the mound
Where lilies with the whitest petals grow,
And birds with joy of spring aflame
That come, each year, and sing the same;

Howso they sing, no more enthrall,
For sweeter and diviner than them all
I seem to hear, down through the ether fall
A rapture 'scaping heaven, like his transcendent
call.

And though its sun's rays pierce and sting,
Unto the April's heart I cling
As to some living thing:
For ofttimes from its shadowed eyes,
As, grieving for the grief I cannot hide,
Its warm tears rain upon the place where lies
Its other self, who died;
Its other self, denied
To the whole world—and me—
Oh, star-eyed child, God gave to thee,
Who hadst outgrown thine earthly place,
Death—whose transfiguring grace
Makes royal all the race.

* * * * *

Thou sleepest well, my king;
Thou sleepest well, my Spring-crowned spring.

MY MINSTREL

I

A MINSTREL violin-voiced once dwelt with me
Whose Soul, abrim with ecstasy of June,
Was with all earth and all the heavens in tune;
And sang with birds that sang on every tree,
And blew from dandelion's heart with glee,
Where a gold sun had set, its fleecy moon,
And chased the butterflies lit up with noon,
And frolicked with the west winds, glad and free:
He sprang out on the hills with laughter clear
And sprang still on, the echoing laugh to meet
And caught the foam of glad brooks tossing
 near,
And trod the universe with flying feet
The music of its millions notes to hear,
And made, himself, the symphony complete.

II

Untired, the minstrel slept Memorial day;
I could not keep him, at the bugle's sound,
From leaping out to Death, that, sunrise
crowned,

Bore him, white limbed and beautiful, away.
Hushed by the muffled beat of drums, he lay,
Like one who in a happy dream had found
The Universe he yearned in Eden's ground,
And was content his flying feet to stay;—
—Deathless is Death, for never through the
years

Have I forgotten the look his young eyes bore,
As prescient, that they were not meant for tears;
Or the strange rapture of the smile he wore
In that white dream, wherein he trod the spheres,
But—am importunate of Heaven, no more.

III

Years melt to-day, to that one, when aflame
With the hushed rapture of maternity
Higher than calm, I was content to lie
Cradling the radiant messenger that came
To crown spring, doubly spring, whose earthly
name

I cannot whisper now without a sigh.
Who was so strangely fair, naught but the sky
Held paths divine enough his feet to claim;
I know not, if the early March that year
Was wrapt in warmth or winding sheet of snow;
I only know through the thin atmosphere
I saw white lilies falling all ablow
Yearning toward his heart, to mine so near,
His heart that beat such little time below.

IV

He saw the grasses growing on the hills
Beckon his coming but a few short springs;
And through the sunshine watched upsoaring
wings

As if not strange their glitter, and heard rills
And answered them, as one who but fulfills
Impulse of nature and so heaven voiced sings;
And pondering, pondering mysterious things
Vanished, one springtime, with the daffodils:
It was, oh, long ago he came—and went,
Yet always when earth breaks to flowers, I see
Up in the blue above me, sunrise rent,
Not spring alone, but spring's epiphany
Vision encrowned with lilies, as if sent
To show, Love waits, beyond Gethsemane.

V

The Spring comes slowly on, as if to stay
The flowers from opening at the south wind's
kiss,

Lest the young daffodils a-bloom should miss
The child who used to watch them day by day,
And wore them, journeying outward April's way
Until he vanished through the blue abyss
Into a world of goldener flowers than this;
And heeds not, nor can question Spring's
delay:—

The rain falls, sobbing cadenced, to the ground,
Dripping with woe, as if of all the years
Since first it wet the grasses on his mound;
Ah, fitting heaven itself should drop its tears
For thee, beloved, who wenteth forth, flower-
crowned,
And tookst thine April with thee, through the
spheres.

VI

Taught by the bluebirds, to each morning's sun
He sang, the music in his soul to free,
And filled the days with matchless melody,
Till the whole scale of rapture he had run;
Then, rapture hushed him, and his songs were
done;

But always when the first wild flower I see
Across the Spring his voice comes back to me
As if from silence he might yet be won:
Weep on, O Spring! Thy tears are all too fleet:
Something divine is missing from thy breast
And thou wilt hear no more the sound of feet
That have through fields of shining lilies pressed,
Or feel warm on thine own, my child's heart
beat—

Who has so long—so long been rocked to rest.

VII

Lured by the wonderment of spring, mine eyes
Are lifted to the shining hills, whereon
I looked rejoicing when thou cam'st new won
O child, from arms of Heaven. The azure skies
Are lit to-day with the same flooding dyes
Flung eastward by that other sun, that shone,
As my illimitable bliss to own
Half on the earth and half on Paradise;
Fluttering of countless wings I hear again
As in the past; and hyacinths call to me,
Clamoring the same, in their new bloom to reign;
I have unlocked my soul, and set grief free
And bade the spring rush in; but all in vain—
It is the old spring, not the new, I see.

VIII

When the annunciation lilies wake
And purple hyacinths break their perfumed
sighs,
Thy birthday comes, O child, whose radiant
eyes
Illumine heaven. Once more the near hills
shake
The sunshine to thy grave, and bluebirds wake
Innumerable echoes as they rise
And sing, as if to sing thee from the skies,
And will not hush, howe'er my heart may ache,
Each year in earliest days of spring I dream
Of that sweet time when first I welcomed thee,
And of that other time thou caughtest gleam
That lured thee into immortality.
O child, thou wert spring's miracle, supreme,
What miracle but death's is left to me?

IX

Gay plumaged birds that come to greet the
Spring

While Spring is yet new born, always I sigh,
As past the glittering, opal hills ye fly,
For one who nevermore will hear you sing;
Nor winds, whichever way they blow, can bring
The music of his laughter from the sky,
Or echoes of his footsteps drawing nigh
That only now, through fields elysian ring—
Ah, as with rushing sound ye cleave the air,
Scatt'ring the gossamer radiance as ye go,
What is it unto me that ye shouldst bear
The sunshine on your wings, since never glow
Will light to flooding gold his bright young hair,
Or aught but wild flowers where he slumbers,
show?

X

He held the lilies in his childish hand,
Grown white in silent splendor of the Spring,
And smiled on summer roses blossoming;
As if his happy heart could understand
Whence came the sunshine, and from out what
land

Came music of the birds—who stayed to sing,
He loved them so—and slept at last, to swing
Of rhythmic planets he had nightly scanned,
He slept—but woke to fairer flowers and light,
And tuned to music all divine; became
An angel, sweeping in transcendent flight
The chords of all the worlds; yea, that whose
name

Is heaven; woke into beauty infinite,
A child immortal, but mine own, the same.

XI

From out the silences thou camest sweet,
 Enclad in music, Radiant as a star,
Borne on the heart of springs that near and far
 Scattered white hyacinths with every beat,
From off the scintillant hilltops warm and fleet,
 The sunshine trickled through the heavens
 afar.

Nor faintest film hung in the air to mar
 The glittering pathway for thy pinions
 beat:—

Ah, crowding years can never dim the light,
 Transfusing all the earth and sky and sea
Of that far spring, when lifted to the height
 Of gaugeless joy, oh child, I cradled thee,
Thine eyes are holding Seraphim in sight
 Still seraph shining, looking forth, past me.

XII

Oh seraph child, thou wert not meant to stay
But little while, the coming spring to meet,
And unforgotten music of thy feet
Breaks into quivering threnodies to-day.
The scintillating hilltops cannot pierce their way
To the vast scintillence of thy retreat;
And though the wild white hyacinths I greet,
The coming spring without thee seems astray;
I have implored but death will make no sign,
Frigid it answered not to my desire;
Yet sometimes list'ning I could half divine
I hear thy voice upsoaring from a choir;
Its holy rapture, caught in dawn's gold line,
Made audible in its transcendent fire.

BOOK V

SONGS OF THE CITIES

IN AN OLD CHATEAU—BRITTANY

I

FROM AN EASTERN WINDOW

A FILMY sky with stars that pale and clear,
Like flowering lilies amber hearted, shine,
Then as elysian gathered, line on line
From their elysian garden disappear;
And rising thick, and stealing far and near
Where nights' spent fires and dawns' new lit
combine

A turquoise smoke, their smoldering embers
sign

Empurpling the translucent atmosphere;
East born, a tender flush that spreads the blue,
And deepening, deepening still to rapture grows,
And Ocean shimmering lifted into view
Stretched out majestic limbed in its repose;
And on a phantom disk half pricking through
The scarlet heart of Morning's full-blown rose.

II

FROM A WESTERN WINDOW

On the horizon's rim, a dauntless sun
Wounded and bleeding, and yet holding place,
Tossing his streaming hair with matchless grace,
And all unbaffled, battling one by one
The clouds that plunge and overwhelming run
Across the sky, whereon still lingers trace
Of his own dazzling course, in dazzling race
For the emblazoned parapet, "just won."
Wavering and swooning and half lost to view,
Struggling as if his dying strength to test,
The near hills watch him, from their deeps of
blue,
Drown, in a gulf of flame that floods the West,
And lo, while watching, as if wounded, too,
Have grown areek with Carmine, breast by
breast.

IN BRITTANY—THE LAND OF MISTS

SUNRISE

TRAGIC enshrouded sun, unmask, and be
Thine own deliverer; for the strange pall
That dense-meshed overhangs thee shuts out all
The new born triumph of the dawn from me.
While thou art struggling in captivity,
The whole world, as if held in magic thrall,
Seems listening for some transcendent call
That shall be bugled upward from the sea:—
Eager I watch the veil that o'er thee lies,
Till by the salt-breathed tide mysterious strewn,
Web after web of the torn vapor flies,
Bannering the east with radiance all thine own,
While thou, thou shin'st on bosom of the skies
Like an elysian daffodil, full blown.

NOON

The gorse is hidden blossoming by the ways,
And fogs hang heavy on the breathless air,
And nothing of the sun is seen save glare
Of smoky saffron, smoking through the haze,
Along Concarneau's water edge its rays
Unsheathed a moment, lay the white sails bare,
Then swift withdrawn, leave them enphantomed
there,

And the whole sea is blotted, while we gaze:—
But wait—The wind upsprings, and fleet and
fine

A rosy tremor through the filming flies,
And harbor, ships, and sea are all ashine;
And in the middle of the noonday skies,
Fired with its own resplendence, as with wine,
The scarlet sun flares, stripped of its disguise.

SUNSET

Oh, peerless Sun, superbly lingering yet,
Slip not too soon into the arms of night;
Stay, and allegiance of the day requite
With new magnificence ere thou shalt set;
The dew falls fast—the eyes of flowers are wet,
They weep for thee who art half hidden from
sight;

Once more adown the west send thy full light
And lift the twilight from its pale regret:—
Reckless, into a sea of liquid rose
Thou plungest with thy golden bosom bare
And swimmest onward till the waters close,
And thou art drowned therein, who wert so fair;
While still across the horizon streaming flows
The tangled splendor of thy glittering hair.

EGYPT

I

EGYPT

Oh land majestic and sublime,
The living monument defying time
Above dead cities set;
Where like a voiceless image of regret,
As from humanity debarred—
The Sphinx with stony eyes keeps ceaseless
guard,
Thou standest like a Queen dethroned,
Still mighty though disowned—
Looking with undimmed eyes,
Without lamenting and without surprise
Across the faded centuries,
And seest the waters of the enchanting Nile
Still in the sunlight smile,
And hearest on eastern sands their music beat
Serene as when they flowed at Pharoah's kingly
feet.

The pyramids that stand
Like massive tents for the immortals planned
Thine outposts line,
And so mysterious in their grandeur seem,
It is not strange that men to-day should dream
Immortal armies in a hush divine
Are waiting there some sign
Thy secrets to reveal:

Oh, Egypt, like a sovereign unseal
Thy people's treasure, open wide and free
Thy soul's gigantic tomb that we may see
The vast magnificence therein, o'er which have
rolled,
Burying resistless dynasties, æons untold.
What splendors still are thine—what gems of
art
Lie crushed upon thy pulseless heart?
Haughty and mute thou stand'st—yet while we
own
Prophetic message of thy marble lilies blown,
We still shall call thee Queen, mighty though
overthrown.

Within thy breast
Nations once powerful in silence rest,
And sepulchers with many a royal guest,
Where through the darkness shine,
As if of love's supremacy the sign,
Pictures of faces young and radiant-eyed,
Who lived and loved and died
Six thousand years ago—
And there the marble lotus-lilies blow,
Sculpture by some dead hand as if to show
While yet thy years were few, ere Christ's decree,
Thy people hoped and longed for immortality.

II

TO THE EGYPTIAN SPHINX

Thou, who hast through Ogygian æons kept
Thy calm lips sealed, who hast escaped, un-
drowned
The insatiate Sea of Time, what sight, what
sound
Can rouse, who ere the world was mayst have
kept
Thine ageless vigil, by despairs o'erswept,
And since then, chance in whirl of chaos, found,
Upon the mighty heart of Egypt bound;
Wherefore, O Sphinx, hast thou unwakening
slept?
Colossal mystery, when the world shall sway
And into nothingness be crumbling sent,
I wonder wilt thou still majestic stay
With thy stone eyes upon the future bent,
And scathless, though all else shall pass away,
Be left behind, the dead world's monument!
Great baffling mystery of the centuries,
Lion that crouchest changeless on thy throne
As if to spring and rend from out the stone
Thy mongrel impotence, canst thou not rise
And to the woman's lips bring woman's cries?
Must thou, with her superb resistance, own
Thy snarling rage canst never be outgrown;
Must thou be beast—beast till Time pitying
dies?

O tragic image of sublime despair,
Wert thou all woman, by thine anguish led,
Thou mightst break trance and crush the monster there
And regal conquering reign alone instead;
Nay, thou might'st to thy breast a soul ensnare,
—But wouldst be Sphinx, O Sphinx, the lion
dead?

III

MIDNIGHT IN EGYPT

The midnight sleeps and into dreaming sinks,
And the white moon, a lily newly blown,
Leans, with a chalice'd rapture all its own
And radiant floods the immemorial sphinx
The level plain, athirst with mystery, drinks
The liquid ecstasy, and silver thrown
The light, to a colossal chain has grown
As pyramid with pyramid it links;
Not tombs these seem, but places wherein dwell
Pharaohs that sleep, nor would it scarce surprise
If they should rouse them from their frigid spell
And swarthy browed, magnificent arise
And come forth in barbaric gems, to tell
Secrets of Egypt's crumbled dynasties.

LONDON AND GRASSMERE IN SUMMER

I

LONDON

SNATCHES of sunshine and transcendent blue
'Twixt evanescent showers, and sudden sight
Of the dim Abbey in a flood of light
Lifted for one brief moment into view.
The noises of the city booming through
The smoke-enweighted air, in deafening might,
The parks and squares and, winding, left and
right,
The river, old and yet forever new.
A steadfast throbbing like an engine's beat
Borne from the busy Strand, where on and on
Come surging multitudes with hurrying feet,
And in their very midst, pillowed upon
Heaven's overhanging bosom, as is meet,
The splendid obelisk of Wellington.

Twilight that lingering stays and stays, and
Night

Adown the murky ether sailing slow,
And 'neath its shadow, dashing to and fro,
Wheeling through crowded mazes, light on light
Flashed here and there and then borne out of
sight,

The thud of horses' feet and tidal flow
Of human life, and fire and flame and glow
Of London's midnight fever at its height.
Music and drama and the silken sheen
Of royal women, and with haggard eyes
Gaunt shadows crouching low, with hunted mien,
And, mingled with the continuous roar, the cries
Of murdered souls that bleed to death unseen,—
And over all the calm stars shining high.

II**GRASSMERE**

A single star faint burning, like a spark
From some spent fire blown east, that flickering
lies,

Then sinks, and on the swarthy azure dies ;
And out from where the night lies, dead and
stark,

A golden sword-blade, cutting through the dark,
And Dawn's warm blood that pouring outward
flies,

Running in scarlet streams across the skies,
And rapturing upward an awakened lark ;
The sun, borne to the sky's and lake's embrace,
The blackened hills that into purple leap,
Wild flowers that with the heather interlace
And 'neath the heavy dews enflooding, weep
While 'neath their weeping hearts, his fitting place,
Who sang them deathless, lying sound asleep.

A DREAM OF ANCIENT GREECE

It is of the old peerless Greece I dream,
And 'neath its skies I see the setting sun
Shine on the splendors of the Parthenon
And hear, swept onward by some noble theme,
Songs of inspired Athenians mount supreme
To golden rhapsodies, and one by one
In haunting measures through the charmed air
run

Till the low sun with music seems astream;
Then twilight sinks, and moonlight's lances fall,
Crowning the city with their silver light,
And I can hear the nightingales that call
With their melodious rapture flooding night,
And see in distance, more divine than all,
The Ægeans' blazing sapphire swoon to white.

I tread the labyrinthed halls where statues stand,
Seeming to breathe with life's intense desire,
Whose marbles burn with the immortal fire
Carven therein, by an immortal hand:
I breathe, intoxicate, the air that fanned
The brow of Pericles, and list the lyre
The Lesbian singer touched, and draw me nigher,
Unheeding ages, at her song's command:
Hark! ere it faints, I hear the battle fray,
See shining shields and gilded trappings 'blaze,
And warriors holding enemies at bay,
And glittering multitudes that crowd the ways;

And thrilled by shouts of victory, I stay
To see the brows of conquerors crowned with
bays.

Back, farther back, I search those centuries
through

When Christ was not: I lift mine eyes and see
Homer, the thunder-souled, whose Odyssey
Upon Time's sea was hurled, and ere he knew
Eternity had snatched: Homer who grew
Blind with his own soul's light, and eagle free
Heard the sun swing in metric majesty,
And set, magnificent, his verse thereto.

O wondrous Greece, these deathless, are thy
pride;

No wonder, borne to such imperial height,
Thou hadst, ere thy dishevelment, defied.
The world to mate thee; and canst still scorn
blight

Who hast reared gods; who wear'st, nor æons can
hide,
Art's matchless flower as thy consummate right.

PARIS

PARIS IN SUMMER

PARIS lies smiling in the summer light,
Keying to Pleasure's note its countless strings,
Like some great butterfly with gaudy wings
Striving with joys its little day to heap:
It has forgotten the Bastile, and headless sleep
Of murdered men, and the young frightened
things
That kissed with their white lips their wedding
rings
And then were butchered as are butchered sheep.
Oh, city piled with splendors infinite;
With thy gay people and thy festive whir,
Thou canst not lure me with thy bubbles bright,
A curdling horror seems my soul to stir,
As if thy bloody claws could clutch me tight!
Oh, tiger heart:—oh, whited sepulcher!

ROME

I

THE CATACOMBS

THE hills are brooding o'er the olive plain
Of the Campagna, where above the dead
The living, breathing Rome lifts up her head
In haughty silence, heeding not the pain
Nor dreams nor passions of her martyr's slain,
And though half crushed, half conquered, by
the tread

Of trampling years magnificently fled,
Rich in her past, still regal, holds her reign!
Not strange her pride, whose classic feet are
pressed

Upon the dust-crowned Catacombs where sleep
Emperors and popes, and where in holy rest
Lies Music's Virgin Saint: Not strange to keep
Knowledge of sovereignty within her breast,
Who has heard St. Cecilia's strains upsweep.

II

SUNSET ON THE APPIAN WAY

Writ as in blood in the vermillion light,
Where broken tombs are leaning 'gainst the skies,
One city, of the dead, beneath me lies
And one is stretching onward out of sight;
Within this wondrous scene is crowded might
And history of Rome; its victories,
Ambitions, valors, its defeats and sighs,
And life and death of centuries drowned in night.
Yet haply men may see, though Rome is old,
Heroes more noble than the Cæsars rise
And win her new renown; nay, may behold
Apostle that shall all the world surprise,
Whose creed divine may 'cross the heavens be
told,
And the blind Past anoint the Future's eyes.

III

UNTO THE HILLS

Beyond the Church of St. Sebastian lie
The ruins of the splendid tomb of one
Who died when Rome was young—the setting
sun

Lingering awhile in scarlet majesty,
While bathing it in glory, seems to sigh
That death must be, as for the ages done—
Then Rome is plunged in gloom; Rome overrun
With its dead multitudes, and those to die.
Unto the hills, grim shadowed, I look up,
Searching the gloom, some peak of light to gain,
For at another feast I fain would sup,
Who have grown satiate at the feast of pain,
Since though these millions dead, drained deep
the cup
Of life's despair—the cup has filled again.

IV

A DREAM

I dreamed a dream of Rome; I saw the light
On its seven hills drop from its burning red
To thickest gloom, as though the sun lay dead,
Slaughtered with its own writhing rays, at sight
Of splendours wrecked; then, reeking with the
night,

While classic marbles splintered to the tread
Of ruthless feet through aisles of temples led,
The shadowy city vanished, wormed with blight:—
O fallen Rome! my soul with grief profound
Sits 'mid the ruins of its golden prime,
Like thee—accurst. Like thee, with gaping
wound,

That bleeds unstanch'd; like thee, beckoned to
climb

To mine own fall. Yet fallen—scourged—dis-
crowned,

From such high bliss dream even to fall, sub-
lime.

V

MOONLIGHT IN ROME

A flood of silver falls across the plain
And drowns the hills, where sing the nightin-
gales,
And fluttering moths with their outspreading
sails
In the translucent air hold velvet reign.
The white, bare-bosomed moon, from vane to
vane,
Its glory o'er the sleeping city trails,
And like a queen, that a lost bauble, hails,
Rome, its endazzling crescent wears again.
From off the lambent heavens the stars have
flown,
I know not where, and yet, as seas on seas
Of lilies on the Campagna wave, new blown,
I half believe that, orbit-held, all these
Once on the sky in calm resplendence shone
And knew the secrets of the Pleiades.

VI**IN ROME**

I trod Rome in the grandeur of its past,
Not ruined Rome; with waving palms and flowers.
And fountains playing in enchanting bowers,
And courts, and squares, with gay crowds, brilliant massed,
With gorgeous palaces, and columns vast,
And looming, golden dripping, 'bove its towers,
St. Peters, drenched in sun enflooding showers,
Into a sapphire flame its great dome cast;
The splendid empire at its splendid height;
Revelers and bursts of music, and the air
Areek with careless mirth, and lined in sight
Th' eternal hills, serene and calm and fair
As if on guard, in their eternal might,
To cradle it in splendor or despair.

VII

AT ST. PETER'S

Heavy as with the prayers of centuries
Within the dim cathedral hung the air
With incense thick, and with the "Glorias" there
The great bell's booming clangor seemed to rise
As if it would bear up earth's suppliant cries
To heart of heaven. Above the altar fair,
Lit by the tapers with their saffron flare,
Down from the cross shone Christ's beseeching
eyes—

O Rome, of all thy matchless jewels worn
St. Peter's is most fair! Lo, as I came
Slow from its doors, the swooning sun, death-
borne,
Flooded with a great sea of jasper flame
Its dome and thee.—Why for the dead past
mourn
Who still such vast magnificence can claim?

VENICE

I

VENICE AT SUNRISE

A BURNISHED light through morning's bosom
flows,

As the sun rises, at the trumpet's sound,
And the new day leaps up with arms unbound
And drenches Venice in a flood of rose;
A sapphire, in the blushing distance shows,
And from the Grand Canal lights glitter round,
And lone, mid spires and domes vermilion
crowned,

San Marco, as with benediction glows:
O city of enchantment, sunrise kissed,
Whose palaces and archways, centuries fold,
Whose lions of St. Marc, unroused, resist
Time's finger prints, how shouldst thou e'er grow
old,

When here, uplifted to Art's eucharist,
Titian and Veronese their deathless visions told?

II

VENICE IN RAIN

Rainfall in Venice and the skies are gray
And heavy clouds engathering here and there
Have drifted lowering to the horizon, where
Gulfed in the gloom, St. Mark's is hidden away!
A muffling mist is hanging o'er the Bay,
Where lie the gondolas undecked and bare,
And ashen drops are trickling through the air
Like tragic tears wept by the shrouded day.
I turn to Venice of my dreams, with gold
Of its sun sprinkled air, and skies aglow,
With fountains, radiant crowds, and marbles
scrolled;
Music in Swirls and Tasso's deathless flow
And Venice at its splendid height behold
And splendid measure of its triumph know.

SWITZERLAND**I****TO THE ALPS**

GREAT Alps, with glaciers glittering in the light
Of the gold-sandaled sun, whose peaks uprise
And gild the sapphire floor of Paradise,
Whose giant Jungfrau, with its flaming might,
Leaning the heavens, in dazzle of its height,
Seems plunged therein, up from your caves come
cries,

As from imprisoned gods, and virgin sighs
Of winds that waken music in their flight!
Wrapt in the white of your eternal snows,
With fleecy clouds that o'er your summits ride,
I can recall you, when the twilight goes,
And in the Night's stupendous arms ye hide;
As if the glory in your bosoms froze,
And with the anguish of eclipse ye died.

II

SUMMER IN SWITZERLAND

I looked out on the Alps—afar they shone,
Through the translucence of the noontide air,
With their snow mantled peaks enclustering fair,
Like lilies on the heart of heaven full blown;
Beneath, the lake with shattered rainbows
strewn.

Ran on its sinuous way, and here and there
Flashed radiant messages aloft, to where
The Jungfrau beckoned on its frozen throne;
The eternal peaks beneath the zenithed sun
Imperial lifted, seemed to prick the sky
And all the light with which it was o'errun
In its sublimity rushed flooding by,
And glittering drowned them in it, one by one,
While almost, almost I heard summer sigh.

DEFIANCE

AGE, I defy thee, though thou hold'st me fast,
Though I have heard the sound of rustling
wings,
And threnodies of pines, so many Springs,
And plucked the violets to lay at last
Upon beloved hearts, with grief so vast
Aeons might reek with it, yet April brings
To my dumb soul aghast with voiceless things
A call to new hope like a bugle blast:—
—Thou hast half beggared, yet I scorn thy
power,
Nor canst thou, to forget, my soul ensnare,
But death will rivaling come some sunrise hour,
And bring to me, blown in the luminous air
Of Love's unzoned Immense, the shining flower
Of what, in living embryoed, was Despair.

I STOOD UPON A MOUNT

I stood upon a mount that scarred the sky,
And every blade of grass was touched with
blight—

Where blazing suns blazed down with withering
might,

And lightning blasted trees hung dead and dry ;
Eagles with fierce-lit eyes swooped from on high
With savage motion, clutching murderous tight
Warm, quivering creatures—talon-torn in flight,
And held me shuddering as they thundered by.

O cowering soul! Behold, thou lingerest yet
In that dread place, and seest thy pathway
strewn

With eagles bleaching prey. Rise up and set
Thy drooping wings toward Faith's diviner
zone;

**Rise! Rise until this black mount of regret
Into transfiguration shall be grown.**

BOOK VI
SONGS OF THE SEASONS

JANUARY

I

SNOW

O SHINING world that liest as in a dream,
With all thy rugged nakedness disguised,
On which the imperial sun looks down, surprised
At thy new grace, snow-crowned, thou wear'st a
gleam

As if, from winter's dreariness supreme,
Thy white eclipse revolt hast signalized,
And hills and valleys have been all apprised
Of this soft power thy beauty to redeem;
Shine on; the gloomy autumn has gone by,
And the young spring is stirring at thy side,
Clamoring for thee to waken and reply.
O world, not long wilt thou consent to bide
In such chill sleep, for soon, soon, with glad sigh,
Thou wilt arise, resplendent as a bride.

II**RAIN**

O rain, that beatest eastward through the air,
Malignant rival of the illumined snow,
Jealous thou searchest earth, as if to know
How soon its every sinew thou mayst bare!
Thou hast no pity, nor canst even spare
The meadow's secrets; nay, its hollows low
Insisteth fierce to rob, as dismal, so
Thou wouldst rebuke the wild flowers sleeping
there;
Will naught but earth's gaunt skeleton content?
From dripping branches of the trees, have gone
The rainbows, 'neath which yesterday they bent,
And, lo! they seem to point at thee with scorn,
As if they knew, earth's brief transfigurement
Thou hadst o'erthrown because thyself forlorn.

III

SUNSHINE

O sun, that hast o'ermastered snow and rain,
Yea, almost conquered winter, with thy gold,
Thou hast forgotten time, and seekest bold
To dupe with smile of spring, but all in vain;
Unsoftened by thy glances all the plain
Is but a dreary stretch of frozen mold,
And earth's great heart in lethargy of cold
Unheaving still beneath thee lies; behold
Thou hast not reached the zenith of thy reign—
Yet shouldst thou sudden veil thy face, some
 blast
Blown from the hills may trumpet change to
 thee,
And sinking shuddering from the horizon vast,
Thou mayst outblotted by a whirlwind be;
Yet not for long, thou wilt proclaim at last
The liliated spring, glad with maternity.

FEBRUARY

I

MOONLIGHT IN FEBRUARY

BEND low, O moon, that risest calm and fair
And with thy flame of silver searchest night
As if its soul to read, and drownest light
Of the bewildered stars; bend low, to where
List'ning, thou mayest hear, fretting in the air
The first faint cry of spring, for neath the blight
That shrivels the midwinter's heart, lies might,
New forces through its frozen veins to bear!—
Where the sun's funeral pageant left the place,
Lo! 'bove the smoldering ashes of the day
Unheeding thou look'st down, and in white grace,
I see thee shining on, as to obey
Heaven's changeless laws; nor can I know or
trace
What voices signal, as thou climb'st thy way.

II

FEBRUARY AT THE SEA

The wind-blown snow that o'er the marshes flew,
Has settled into drifts and o'er them lie,
Dropt as in benediction from the sky,
The frozen shadows of its matchless blue;
They seem like monuments set up as clew
To graves of marigolds, and wild birds fly
Wheeling above them, and from ocean nigh
Are rolled forth symphonies forever new—
I look upon th' entrancing scene spellbound;
For sunlit trees upon their branches wear
Millions of rainbows and the earth is crowned
With such strange light, almost it seems as fair
As when the daffodils lit up the ground
And flaming orioles winged the summer air.

MARCH**I**

WHO can reproach thee that thou tak'st thy
place

With shy reserve, O March, coming from chill
Of Winter's funeral rites, and holding still
Traces of countless tears upon thy face?
Yet thou wear'st something of the Spring's wild
grace,

For grasses have grown brighter with the thrill
Of the new currents that thine arteries fill
And swiftened run, warmed by the sun's embrace;

And in the gullied meadows, moisture bound,
Cradles of swamp-flowers, purple in the light,
And bushes, pointed leaved, will soon be crowned
With bloom aquiver, as for airy flight;
O Spring, dear Spring, whose breath so stirs the
ground!

How canst be silent daffodils in sight?

II

Thou seemest drowsing still, although with
might

Of the years' giant forces running high,
Divinest murmurs through the ether fly
As if escaping thee with pure delight.
The skies are bluer, and from height to height
A glittering glory runs, and winds go by
Searching thy radiant presence to descry
And rouse thee from thy dreaming into flight;
—Waken, O laggard Spring, for near and far
The sighs of hyacinths assail the air,
As if their purple prisons were ajar;
Waken, and let my soul, dull with despair,
Rejoice with thee, who wilt unloose each bar
And on thy breast the escaping wild flowers wear.

III

Thou hast arisen, for sun on sun has sent
Its shining lances over hill and plain,
And the warm winds have blown up gusts of rain,
And from the hillsides tumbling waters rent;
The somber willows o'er the rivers bent
Unfurl their dazzling feathery fans again,
And now and then is heard a matchless strain,
The rapture of a bluebird finding vent.
Thou hast been turbulent, because of sting
Of embryoed flowers; but soon at thy decree
Anemones will smile and trilliums bring
Their silver shining fonts, where thou shalt be
In thine own tears baptized again, O Spring,
With the new name of April waiting thee.

IV

The clouds have smitten the sun to a dull glow,
Plunging in gloomy billows 'cross the sky,
And the unquiet winds go hurrying by,
Whirling the tiny tracks from out the snow
Of countless sparrows, and half plaintive sigh
Across the shivering trees, where swollen lie
A thousand smoldering, warm-hued buds, that
sigh,

Yet 'neath their icy veilings dare not blow.
Hast thou forgotten, O March, in thine unrest,
The glittering crocuses with gold agleam?
Let flow thy tears—for tears that rain thy
breast

Transformed to wild flowers, will thy past re-
deem;

Thou art but child with Spring's new cares
opprest,

And canst not rouse thee from thy troubled
dream.

V

Thy dream has vanished, for behold on high
The sun is rioting in dazzling blue,
And where the snow lay, shines a film of dew
Transfigured by the noonday's ecstasy;
The alien winds, sudden affrighted, fly
Their southern rival, that with music low
Murmurs accompaniments to streams that flow
Where violet shadows from the mountains lie;
From out the nightmare of thy child-tossed sleep
Thou hast at last arisen, smiling fair,
And with a power ineffable wilt sweep
Spring's sweet contagion through the enam-
ored air,
And round thy brow sun's rays will haste to
leap
Who wert appointed oriflamme to wear.

VI

The wind is blowing southward down the hills,
Damp with the vaporous phantoms of the snow,
And o'er the peevish sky the vexed clouds go
Hurrying toward the beckoning daffodils.
There is a rushing sound of mountain rills
That, discontent with their high places, go
Edging the valley lands where willows grow,
Whose scent the sunshine flings forth as it wills;
Inconstant March! fractious and stormy
 browed,
Almost thou seem'st thine own moods to assail,
Seeking from morn's their saffron lights to
 crowd
And flashing of thy fickle smiles to veil;
Yet, though thou buglest low, or buglest loud,
Thou art the Spring—the Spring that blue birds
 hail.

APRIL**I****APRIL**

With shining eyes across the purple hills,
Shaking to earth her glittering, sun-rayed hair,
With mist and dew, and perfume everywhere,
Comes the young April crowned with daffodils;
The mystery of her golden presence thrills
Anemones to trembling in the air,
And wakes a butterfly that gauzy fair
With streaming banners her behest fulfills;
Divine foretold by intimations low,
Like soft escape of seashells murmuring,
The verdant grasses 'neath her footsteps grow,
And the white lilies to her garments cling;
And Pan, dead Pan, comes back, once more to
 blow
A wild sweet welcome to the wild sweet spring.

Blow Pan, how can Thine eyelids but unfold
When loosened rivers clamor thee to rise,
When mammoth womb of earth, aleap with cries
Of flowers yet undelivered, shakes the mold?
Thou mayest mistake her with her locks of gold
For Aphrodite, till within her eyes,
Maternal yearning, thou shalt recognize
Twin violets that violets behold—

If thou wert dead and she has wakened thee
With lilies, silver bells, list their refrain
And chime thy notes to their white melody
Till constellate daisies, shimmering, light the
plain—

Blow Pan, but let thy flute-charmed soul decree
Thou shalt blow April thy divinest strain.

II

MOONLIGHT

Fair moon that silver sandaled climb'st on high
As if to reach a place we may not know,
Bring from therein some mystic bloom to show
Its shining hearted flowers can blight defy;
Glide up thine April path, till, through the sky,
From a new April thou shalt bring new glow,
Drenched in the light of pinions as they go
Winging toward the throne eternally—
Thou seem'st with hyacinthine spring inspired,
Thy great heart crescent beating in the east,
As if thou knewest what its soul desired
And decked thyself for resurrection's feast,
Hearing its countless anthems lily-choired,
White, with incarnate glory of its priest.

III

THREE APRIL MOODS

The jonquil fires have hidden the skies' deep blue
At mandate of the sun, and downward rolled
From off the glittering hills, the liquid gold
Falls on the thick, soft grasses, drenched with
dew ;

The warm winds, blowing from the south, steal
through

The ruddy maple boughs and half unfold
Their scarlet pennants, and with color bold
Tall tulip-torches flame and flare anew ;
Up from the emerald valleys comes the bleat
Of glad young lambs that in the pastures play,
And far and near the shrill voiced cocks repeat
Their strenuous, noisy welcomes to the day,
And, high o'er all by April, bugled sweet
Spring's jubilates break from spring away.

The minstrel winds are hither wandering,
The eager minstrel winds that as they stray
Upon a thousand lutes of April play,
And from the hearts of all things growing bring
Immeasurable music of the spring.
Oh, soul divine, exultant go thy way
And with the daffodils keep holiday,
For the whole world is new, when blue birds sing.
Pale tipped, the hemlocks in the sunshine glow,

And silver shoots hide fair the willow scars,
And butterflies have 'scaped their shrouds, and
 lo,
"The stones are rolled, from the flower sepul-
 chers;"
Oh soul, watch bloom from graves arisen, and
 know
Thou, too, shalt one day break thy prison bars.

Across the hills I heard the spring's voice call,
And straightway, light-anointed, I became
Lifted to the Most High, for, clad in flame,
The dazzling sun o'er rode the horizon wall
And let a measure of his glory fall,
Till earth a semblance to the heavens could
 claim;
And so baptized and shriven from the past shame
Of my despairs, I shook my soul, like Saul.—
O April, grief and I have since grown old;
Nor canst thou, calling now o'er all the land,
Waken such perfect hour; nor can the gold
With which thy morning skies is flooding
 spanned
O'ertake that shore, mine eyes would fain behold,
Whereon the feet of my beloved stand.

IV

IN APRIL

Elusive vision, fluttering here and there
In April's shimmering iridescent guise,
Thou comest bannered with cerulean skies,
And rioting of sunshine everywhere;
To-day thy flooding teardrops drench the air;
Is it thou knowest that in each warm tear
lies

An embryoed wildflower that will newborn rise
And drinking of thy fairness grow more fair?
Thou glad, sad Presence, how couldst other be
Since Spring's strange tumults through thy
pulses flow?

All that is beautiful comes back to thee.
The maples' wind-blown flame, the jonquils'
glow,

And out of but too golden ecstasy—
Thy tears fall fast, fall fast, while lilies blow.

Thou dazzling sun, caught in a vaporous net,
And from its flimsy meshes struggling free,
Up through the illumined ether I can see
Thine unveiled bosom toward the noontide set;

Thou light'st the harebell and the violet,
And gild'st the unweaned cowslips, born of thee,
And openest buds that blush on every tree,
And lift'st the last year's grasses, lingering yet:
O warm rayed sun, too long I have given heed
To sound of sighing in the wash of seas;
Shine forth, that Spring's new music may be
freed!

Thou wak'st the birds, and butterflies, and bees
And earth itself from dreams—Canst thou not
lead
My soul to joy's full eminence, like these?

V

AN APRIL SUNSET

Sink, amber sun, and drown in amber light,
The day is ended, and thou hear'st the call
Of purple-hearted night, whose purple wall,
Bridging the West, hides thee awhile from sight:
Thou hast kissed flowers to bloom, and from the
height

Of the emblazoned hilltops hast let fall
Thine April ecstasy, enflooding all;
Let death's magnificence for death requite,
Thou hast made fairer what hast looked upon,
Yet hadst thou lingered longer, it might be
Imperishable power thou mightst have won;
For ah, thou knewest not, nor yet couldst see
While full, full on me, all day thou hast shone,
Not thine, not thine the splendor dazzling me!

VI

IN EARLY SPRING

I turned me to the eastward, from whence came
A soft, low singing, as from out the sun;
And all the blood of April seemed to run
'Cross the embosomed chrysopræse, like flame.
I turned me to the hills, and lo, the same
Transcendent calling, woke them, one by one,
And o'er their crests a silver veil was spun
The magic of the morning to proclaim:
—O pulsing, mystic ecstasy of sound,
As if some prisoned rapture had found wing!
O violets soft stirring in the ground,
Each blossom sighing like some living thing,
How can I ever doubt, so compassed round,
That I have heard the first faint cry of Spring?

Yes, thou art new born Spring, thou radiant
 one,
Aërial messenger of growing things,
Spirit that brightenest forest shadowings,

Who hast, unseen, thy miracles begun;
For earth with soft young grasses, is o'errun,
And in the clear, transparent ether rings
A sound as if innumerable wings
Were rhythmic, sweeping upward to the sun;
—Thou calledst me softly, with thy voice divine,
The glories of thy countless flowers to share,
And 'bove each golden daffodil of thine;
And all thy lilies opening white and fair,
I seem to see, as they transfigured shine,
A cloud-wrapt vision rising through the air.

186 **In a Portuguese Garden**

Fleet-winged thou art, yet captive of the sky;
Prisoner of all the unmeasured heavens, yet
free,

Illumining the earth and air and sea,
And more elusive than the birds that fly;
The impulse of the streams that wander by
And kiss the mountain shadows, comes from thee;
And south winds, loitering from tree to tree,
Whisper, æolian-voiced, that thou art nigh.
O restless, dazzling, prisoner of light,
Thou canst not hide thee wholly in the blue,
For swept with thine own splendor into flight,
Thou shimmerest iridescent into view;
And with thy touch ineffable in might,
'Scaped from the heavens, hast made the whole
earth new.

MAY

I

HASTE hitherward, O month of flashing wings;
I long to hear along thy valleys blown
The murmurous music of Spring's undertone
Divine, with breathing of its new born things;
Hasten and bring the nightingale that sings,
When thou art nigh, unto thy heart alone,
And secret of its sweet despair will own
But to the moon that on thy bosom clings;
Beloved of Aphrodite! Haste and wake
The lilies that along thy path will blow
Enamored with thine eyes! Haste thee, and
take

Unto the rose the blush it fain would know!
Thou art so beautiful, and thou canst make
The world so beautiful, why com'st so slow.

II

Here, here thou art, thou flower breasted Spring,
And from thy sun's gold heart the glad, warm

rays

Have glittering pierced the evanescent haze,
And to the hillcrests, radiant-reaching, cling.
Into a swirl of glory west winds fling
The full-orbed marguerites that star the ways,
And orioles, winging with their breasts ablaze
Unto the silvery blossoms, silvery sing.—
There is a dazzle over all the land,
A light, ethereal shimmering everywhere,
And the whole shining universe is spanned
With beauty palpitate, and the stirred air
Seems as it had the power at its command
Into earth's soul, the soul of heaven to bear.

III

Over the grasses wet with April rain,
Whose damps still linger 'neath thy forest trees,
Thou comest thy way with lilies and with bees,
Kissing magnolias into bloom again.
The willows, listening to the tides' refrain,
Borne into undulating harmonies,
Dream silver dreams once more, and every breeze
Breathes secrets of the clover on the plain.—
Thou bringst the blushing iridescent skies,
The sapphire noons, the dawns' pale chryso-
prase,
The sunshine, haunted with the butterflies,
And perfect twilights, born of perfect days—
What lackest thou that I should turn mine eyes
And search the shadows of thy loneliest ways?

IV

Thou com'st incarnate of the Spring—and yet,
I plead with thee for more than bloom and light;
Bring back a hope that will my soul requite
For its long desolation and regret. *

Once, when I plucked a late, sweet violet,
I was so raptured that I felt Spring's might
Run scarlet through my veins; now, now what
right

Have I, whom thou art part of, to forget?
For thou returnest each year as to declare
Thou art unchanged; why then may I not know
Fulfillment of desire sometime, somewhere?
I will commune with thee, for thou canst show
Death is not death, and so, weaned from despair,
I shall be glad once more because the violets
blow.

V

Swift, swift thou com'st with thine imperial
days,

With dawns ineffable, and winds that blow
Bearing the swallows hitherward, and flow
Of silver streams singing through forest ways,
Thy suns fling broadcast their transfiguring
rays

The imminent rapture of thy bloom to show,
And all the perfumed ether is aglow
With blushing buds of lilacs swung to haze;
The beauty in thy soul thou settest free,
To flower thy fields, and make thy hills more
fair;

So fair, so fairer still, they grow to be,
'Neath the exceeding light they, sky-kissed, wear,
I half expect, charmed back to earth, to see
The gods, as in Olympia, roaming there.

VI

The fretted skies have wept themselves to mist
And their dull gray has melted into blue,
And wild birds call to Spring, as if they knew
The hills would soon be crowned with amethyst;
The hyacinths and crocuses, sun kissed,
Startled to life, the sodden ground breaks
through,
And o'er the last year's grasses steals a hue
As earth's new smile they could not long resist;
The sparkling rivers passionately sway,
Swirling the snow-crests of the mountains by,
And willow branches, shining silver gray,
Stretch out, as if exultant, to the sky;
And swifter, swifter, swifter, day by day
The Spring, the fair young Spring, is drawing
nigh.

VII

O saffron lights that palpitate and flame
On bosom of the East! beneath your fire
Of blazing splendor, that each morn sweeps
higher

As if earth's resurrection to proclaim,
The opening daffodils ye put to shame;
While April, stirred with music's soft desire,
Listening the bluebirds that your gleams aspire,
Sings lullabies her vagrant winds to tame;
A murmurous rapture seems to haunt the dells,
Like the faint breathing, indistinct and sweet,
Of new-born violets; and sound of bells
That chimed by lilies muffled seem to beat
Through their own perfumes, like a signal tells
The presence of the Spring ye climb to greet.

VIII

O jonquils, gleaming in the crystal air,
 As if from soul of the great dazzling sun,
 Unbarred to Spring, your color had been won,
 Transfused with its gold fire, ye seem to share
 Its eminence of light and shine out fair
 Beneath its glow, as if ye had begun
 To dream your orbits, and, with earth films
 done,

For the bright rays ye covet, to prepare!
 The butterflies steal out, and from their sleep
 The drowsy bees, half wakened, languid, stay
 Hovering your petals, and I hear the sweep
 Of vibrant chords, as if the winds at play
 Had loosed your music, while with dew that
 steep,

O radiant flowers! ye are baptized in May.

IX

Pink lilac buds that tender violet grow
In the consummate splendor of the sun,
And white campanula's, that one by one
Your imminent music ring forth as ye blow!
It is Spring's carnival, and full rayed glow
The dandelions with their gold o'errun,
And crowned with rainbows by the dewdrops
 spun,
The glittering marguerites toss to and fro.
—Around the hills vapors of sapphire cling,
And bees and butterflies wing through the air
As if to every blossom they would bring
Sense of their own divineness! Yea, so fair
The Spring has grown that when the bluebirds
 sing
Almost my heart beats jubilant unaware.

X**SUNRISE**

Gold fires that flaming upward burn the east,
As if the Sun-god's heralds lit the way
Until his chariot wheels should roll in Day,
And from the stars that held them, be released;
Ere the great pageant overhead has ceased,
I see your dazzling colors reel and sway,
Until they melt to chrysoprase of May;—
And, lo! marvels of morn are but increased;
O soul of heaven! O mystery palpitate,
On flowers innumerable thou lookest down
And like a mother, brooding, seemst to wait,
Yearning earth's children, if they smile or frown;
And watchest miracles of Spring, elate,
Nor know'st of all, thou art thyself the crown.

XI

A MAY SWALLOW

Swallow, that springest through the illumined
air

With thine impetuous wings toward summer
pressed,

Content thee, for in the purple of the west
The Summer waits, its presence to declare;
Too late for daffodils, thou comest ere
The wild rose dares to flaunt its golden breast
And morning-glories filled with soft unrest
Still for their delicate tracery prepare:—
Thou hast exceeded Summer in thy race,
And golden-breasted orioles outflown,
Content thee for awhile with May's white grace,
Nor restless, shalt thou long remain alone,
For Summer, Summer will thy pathway trace
And overtake thee, who art Summer's own.

XII

MAY SUNRISE AT THE SEASHORE

Upon the sky areek with violet,
 Behold, eastward there grows a sudden blaze,
 As if the beacon fires of classic days
 Were burning still, for Agamemnon set;
 And the great Sun leans from his parapet
 And o'er the marigolds that mark the ways
 Of the drained marsh lands, flings his splintered
 rays,
 Till the whole shore with glory is beset;
 And in the distant fields, where cowslips shine,
 Emblazons their cups, till their faint flecks of
 red
 Glitter like undrained drops of April's wine;
 And Dawn, with its resplendent wings outspread,
 Drifts to the sea, and signals, held divine,
 Its double rapture, to the Dawn o'erhead.

XIII

FROM AN EASTERN WINDOW

The morning blushed, and blushed and blushed
once more,

And o'er its beating heart I saw the flow
Of its encarmined currents surging go,
And flood the twilight pallor of the shore:
The slumbering sea a glittering pathway bore,
And far and near the spires were all aglow,
Tipped, as with blood, and on the ground below
Where white frost lay, the rose bloomed as of
yore.

Ah, when the sun wheels upward glittering bright
In regal trappings, I could almost share
In worship of the East and kneel at sight:
I sometimes think, knowing men could not bear
The awful splendor of His bosom's light,
God flowered a Sun and left it flowering there.

XIV

REGRET

I had grown May enamored; glad and free
She went with flower-shod feet o'er hill and plain,
But now for her white bloom I watch in vain,
And search her olden haunts, yet cannot see
Which way she vanished. What is June to me,
Who, listening, dream that I may hear again
Her child-voice singing even in the rain,
Who had the soul of sweet Persephone?
O rose, delay! Haply she had not meant
With her sun-blinded eyes thy way to choose.
But, oh! the lilies breathe not where she went,
And nightingales her nightingales refuse.
Thou brib'st with June and scorn'st my discontent,
But what thy scorn who hast no May to lose?

JUNE

I

THE swallows have come back in a swift race
For newer joys, cleaving the purple air
With their impetuous wings, the while they bear
The Summer hitherward in close embrace!
O matchless Summer, with thy matchless grace,
I tremble lest of thine own power aware,
While still the swallows dart through sunshine
fair,
Thou shouldst escape them and thy ways re-
trace.
Stay, for each beat of thy rose-laden heart
Brings forth a strain from Joy's neglected lyre
And I am lifted sunward as thou art.
Yea, I am winged with thee! O sweet, mount
higher
Till 'bove death's change, above life's petty
smart,
I see the Summer of my soul's desire.

II

Thou hast unveiled thy face, O Summer fair,
And lookest with thine unfathomable eyes
On land and sea, as if thou wouldst baptize
The world in thine own joy; thou com'st, and
where

Thy glad feet press a thousand flowers prepare
To hail thy presence in resplendent dyes,
And when thou whisperest, answering whispers
rise,

As those breathed by the pine trees on the air:—
Thou art an incarnation of the year,
With all its sweetness in thy soul expressed;
A priestess passionate, a rose-crowned seer,
A white Madonna in whose virgin breast,
Beneath its calms, ineffable, appear
Shadows of an ineffable unrest!

III

The butterflies are winging to and fro,
And clover blossoms, purple flaunting, swing
And the wild blackberry vines, their perfumes
fling

On the warm winds that kiss them as they blow.
Upon the turquoise heavens the light clouds go,
Illusive sailing eastward, as to bring
News from the sunrise, where the orioles sing,
Caught in its meshes, to their mates below;
The grasses glisten and the bees, elate,
Scale the sun's dazzling ladders, side by side,
And languid winging with their honeyed freight
In the full-breasted thistles seek to hide;
And the wild roses, color brimmed, translate
What radiant visions in June's soul abide.

IV

Gay, plumaged bird that slender dartest by
From the azaleas, with thy tiny power
Shaking the dewdrops in a perfumed shower,
We know by thee the Summer's heart beats high.
Thou turnest from the honeysuckles nigh
To hover o'er a gorgeous trumpet flower,
And rivaling, flashest forth thy bosom's dower,
Poised on its brim, like a winged ecstasy;
Through golden notes, like sundust, in the air,
Where iridescent insects drone at noon,
Eager thou plungest as their light to share,
Listening the mystic measures they intune,
Half bird, half flower, flame winged thou throb-
best there,
The passionate embodiment of June.

V

Not in great, swollen drops that flood the ways,
Wrung from the heavens' ungovernable woe,
Thou fall'st, O rain, but with a tender flow
As from o'erwhelming rapture of its days
Thou wouldst ease June's full heart; the grass
obeys

Thy gentle touch and murmurs soft and low
Its sweet responses, that divinely go
From rhythmic preludes into rhythmic lays;
The wet-winged birds are lingering near to bear
Thy music's pathos into some new tune,
And breathe it out in snatches on the air,
So to transfix it lest thou go too soon;
And to the rose thou call'st, unfolding fair,
"Quaff, quaff insatiate, for thou quaffest June"
From out the purple blackness of the sky
There sprang a writhing scorpion of flame,
And rolling o'er the darkened hilltops came
A sound, as if the angry gods on high
Were driving madly in their chariots by,
The uttermost regions of the heavens to claim;
And all things winging, bees and birds the same,
Sank into silence as if death were nigh;
And then, in sheeted streams the rain broke
through,
And flowers were torn, and desolation spread,
And chasms yawned, where forest pine trees
grew,

And the bright rose of yesterday was dead;
But while I wept the sun held court anew,
And it was like the Ægean Sea o'erhead.

When the day broke there was no trace of sun,
A chill, pale, clinging vapor hid the skies
And the rain fell like tears from hopeless eyes,
As if accepting that Earth's joys were done;
The flowers in apathy could not be won
To lift their heads and flaunt their flaming dyes,
And o'er the aspens, in their leaden guise
No protests seemed from leaf to leaf to run;
Not once the clouds grew lighter in the west;
Not once the vapor could its hold forget,
The listless rain, the listless air oppressed,
Heavy as an insoluble regret,
And so the day went mourning forth, in quest
Of that June sun unrisen and unset.

JULY

I

SUNRISE

THE great imperious sun breaks through the sky
And burns a pathway as it climbs up higher,
And on the tranced sea leaves a bridge of fire,
And dyes the thrushes scarlet as they fly.
The half-waked bees through the hot air go by,
Too languid the tall lilies to aspire,
And to the lowly large-leaved weeds retire,
And motionless beneath their shadows lie.
The tarnished hollyhocks more wrinkled show,
And pansies, ailing, to the earth complain,
And e'en nasturtiums that dare to blow
In the sun's dominant passion droop again,
And thou interpretest, July, the woe
Of dreamers, whose divinest dreams are vain.

II**NOON**

The blazing sky is with blue fires aleap,
And the fierce sun sends down its fiercest heat
Until the valleys 'neath it seem to beat,
And even the burning south winds fall asleep.
The squirrels hide in forests dim and deep,
And from the sheep fields comes no young lambs'
 bleat;
And wild birds wont to sail on pinions fleet,
Soft palpitating in their hot nests keep
On brinks of brooks wherein no waters flow.
The meek-eyed cattle pant beneath the trees,
And tawny butterflies are drifting slow,
Searching the transfixed sunshine for a breeze;
And flowers grow faint, and the parched grasses
 know
Naught can July's insatiate soul appease.

III

SUNSET

The scarlet sunbeams slumber on the grass,
And in the dying light the mountains shine,
And solemn pines chant, whispering line by line
The music of an immemorial mass.
The birds that erewhile sang to skies of brass,
Sink noiseless to their nests, and make no sign
With their soft throats to break the hush divine,
Nor even stir the corn silk as they pass.
The sinking sun swims in a blood red glow,
But soon, o'er brazen splendor of the sky
A gloom of tender violet will grow,
And fireflies through the dropping darkness fly,
And 'neath the stars baptismal dews will flow,
And though wilt be transfigured, O July.

IV

AT THE CAPE IN JULY

Up through the new mown grass earth's vivid
heat

Sails palpable, at the wind's lightest will,
And o'er the meadows, yellow lilies thrill,
Scatters the mingled perfumes, wild and sweet,
Along the edges of the swaying wheat
Noisy cicadas, dizzy-noted, trill;
And in the distance, calling loud and shrill,
Crows, sable pinioned, through the ether beat.
The golden disks of laurel light the ways,
And clustering stars of alders shining rise,
The fire-souled sun sets the whole sky ablaze,
And the great sapphire flame that 'cross it flies
Drops to where, stretched Titanic 'neath its
rays,
The sea, scarce breathing, in a deep swoon lies.

The rosy swamp weeds tremble in the air
And butterflies drift languidly around,
And thin-vined morning glories trail the ground
Tangled in clinging vines that hold them there;
Long slender locust blossoms, pale and fair,
Hang from the trees, too faintly stirred, for
 sound,

And flowers, in myriads, orange fringed and
 crowned.

Allegiance to midsummer's heat declare;
The bees intone their murmurings o'er and o'er
And petal canopied, half hidden lie;
Into the sky's blue, bluer fathoms pour;
And drowsing 'neath its splendor, dreams July;
The sea is still a-swoon, but kissing shore,
Its sapphire swell has slipt to sapphire sigh.

I turn from all the flowers unto the sea,
Whose bosom holds rose blushing coral halls;
And hear, unmuffled by their viewless walls,
The boundless music of Infinity;
A shell lies in my hand—because no key
Can open way to the eternal mystery
Of its strange murmur, though the sound en-
thralls,
It breaks my heart, like a far voice that calls.
From a great universe unknown to me—
Unfathomable, it lies glittering there,
And all the blazing light dropt from the sky
Upon its Titan breast I seem to share—
Facing sublimity I half defy
Death and despair to-day, and fain would wear
Wings, wings, into the limitless to fly.

AUGUST

I

O **AUGUST** sun, from thine enmuffling haze
Shake thyself free, and fling off fold on fold,
And stay the thick-meshed vapors, striking bold
With all the sovereignty of all thy rays,
For soon, too soon, the yarrow by the ways
Its virgin blushes will forget to hold,
Nor canst thou be too prodigal of gold,
Holding thy court in these bewildering days.
Hasten full resplendor of thy heart to
bare,
And the elusive thistle-down relight,
That it may no more ghostly haunt the air,
Lest summer noiseless winging steal from sight,
While silver-shackled, thou art hidden there
And come no more, lost in aerial flight.

II

Stay yet awhile, O gentle August, stay;
Ye bear away the summer's face too soon,
Hush the wild locusts in the fields at noon,
That on their tiny flutes but farewells play,
And hide more niggardly thy Sun's array,
—Remembering the golden light of June,
And veil thy skies, and shroud thy scarlet moon
Lest they should light thee to thy funeral day;—
—Poor August, blotting out, with tears unshed.
The world of flowers and the resplendent sea;
The golden rod bends down its filmy head
Like some sad mourner listening Death's decree,
And thine own purple asters pale with dread,
Knowing they weep the Summer, weep with thee.

III

Through sultry mornings shines the yellow sun,
Thick veiled with mists, and shimmering here
and there

Sail phantom butterflies adown the air
To phantom flowers; the crickets have begun
And noisy locusts sharp staccatos run
Through fervid noons. The wild bees murmur
low,

Searching the rose in vain, and onward go,
By some new wayside sweetness constant won;
Now, the blue triumphs, and from out the haze
Mysterious and divine come forth the hills,
Showing distinct their lofty wooded ways,
And the whole sky with its lost azure thrills;
August smiles fair and yet—no birds—no lays—
Only 'neath blood-red moons—the whippoor-
wills.

IV

The flame-winged humming birds will come no
more

Through the sun-dusted atmosphere to sweep,
And gorgeous poppies in the gardens sleep
Drugged with the lethed dews their bright cups
bore:

The pageant of the summer bloom is o'er,
Save that a few belated roses keep
Their petals' fragrance, and with blushes deep
Throb, glimmering here and there along the
shore;

O golden-hearted roses, ye remain
Fairer than fairest flowers that round you grow,
Held captives by the waves' superb refrain,
Wherein some June-harped rapture, soft and
low,

Grown sublimate, ye recognize again,
Part of the sea's aeolian ebb and flow.

V

I had forgotten the splendor of the sea
Until I saw it stretching at my feet,
Ablaze with sapphire, borne there by the heat,
And heard it murmuring ceaselessly to me
Tunes, silver-cadenced, fluted in the key
Known but to south winds; so enthralling sweet
That all the air around me seemed to beat
With snatches of aerial melody;
And as the sun looked down, the noon at crest,
Swimming in light, a glory on its face,
While the long waves seemed fainting into rest,
I saw, as the sea melted into space,
With the whole heavens asleep upon its breast,
Two dazzling worlds, in a divine embrace.

VI

Upon the green waves dashing by, to-day,
That near and far are shining glorified,
Borne out by passion of the wind and tide,
A ship is sailing through the radiant spray
That as afar its sails in sunlight play
Seems for a moment on the heavens to ride,
Then downward drops from view, and side by side
With fleecy clouds, pearl-blazoned, drifts away.
The ship drifts by—I hear thy soul, O sea,
Revealing what forever thou hast known,
That this reverberating mystery,
Rolling sublimely through thine undertone,
Thundering, imploring, rapturing to me,
By breath of the Magnificent, is blown.

VII

The sun slips, slowly drowning, out of sight,
And o'er the sea a flood of scarlet streams,
Poured from the struggle of its dying beams,
While overhead, toward a rocky height,
A seagull, winging through the vivid light,
Upon a distant haze of violet gleams
That, stretching out along the horizon, seems
Like flowering of twilight, ere its flight.
The fiery skies melt into ashen blue;
From off the burning waves the glory dies;
'Bove the drowned sun a pale star pricks to view,
The flowering twilight fades, the Ocean sighs,
And all at once the full moon silvers through,
And Night lies glittering with infinities.

VIII

Great yellow suns that burn through yellow haze
And shine upon the grasses filmed with white,
Through the tear-woven webs ye send your light
And set the trailing gossamer ablaze.
Ye gild the foxglove with your glittering rays,
And rouse the wild bees from their languid flight
Until they seek to scale your dizzy height,
Murmuring divinely to the dazzling days!
Shine on, for undulating butterflies
The purple of the clematis still hail,
Unconscious that with locusts' sharp-voiced cries
The gorgeous color of the flowers will pale;
Shine on, that reckless 'neath the summer's eyes
The butterflies, unconscious still may sail.

IX

Oh, snow-white honeysuckles hush, ye blow
Upon your million trumpets a wild tune,
Sadder than that the roses breathed to June;
And out beyond the sands where sea pinks grow
The ocean listens. Hush, for ah! ye know
The blushing spirea stabs the August noon,
And mullein tapers flare beneath its moon;
Or if ye needs must trumpet, trumpet low;
I hear insistent, 'bove the ocean's call,
'Bove songs of birds that linger on their way,
The notes that mystically rise and fall,
Borne from the illusive chorus ye essay,
And dream, in soft lament, as o'er a pall—
It is the summer's "dead march" that ye play.

X

AN AUGUST LOVE SONG

Dear heart, the summer rose has long since died;
And swept like shadowy phantoms through the
air.

The swallows have sought summer elsewhere,
And thrushes' songs are stayed; but in a tide
From out the solitudes wherein they glide
Come plaints of whippoorwills. O sweet, O fair,
Couldst not from god's, Demeter's power en-
snare,

And stay Time's course and bid the summer bide?
Nay, have no fear, it cannot wholly go;
Though swallows flock and fly—for lingering
yet

The soul of summer still is ours, who know
Despite the sad-voiced whippoorwills' regret,
Despite the vanished rose and singing, lo!
It will be mid the eternal summers set.

XI

AT THE CAPE IN AUGUST

The glad high noon of summer has gone by,
And thou hast come, pale August, lit with glow
Of the white bloom adrift of elderblow
And moon-rayed thistle disks, that moons outvie;
The orioles still through golden sunshine fly
But—sing to thee no more, and mad, wild flow,
That set the sea to bugling, has ebbed low
To deep-drawn breath of a transcendent sigh;
With blushes of the pinks the wet sands thrill
And the swamp honeysuckles, line on line
From out their slender cups the night dews spill;
And thou art steeped in beauty so divine,
So all entrancing, that had I my will
Thou shouldst drink deep of some immortal wine.

224 In a Portuguese Garden

Sweet, captive day, haste, and thy fetters break;
The silken meshes that entangle thee
Are woven so thin, that I can almost see
The golden sun its glittering tresses shake
Adown the eastern sky, but strong winds take
Thy gossamer shroud, and at the sea's decree
Wind it more closely lest thou struggle free;
Haste! wilt as prisoner let the noon o'ertake?
Not so, not so—thou hast escaped—behold,
Thou hast usurped the blue, the heavens ridden
 o'er,
Outstripped the East wind and the clouds un-
 rolled,
Wrung from the salt-breathed sea the film it
 wore,
Gauged the sun's eminence, proven its gold
And given to August one divine day more.

Caverned in blue, thou holdest in thy breast
Creation's mysteries, as thou liest there,
O tranquil sea, and borne upon the air
Comes murmurous music, as if waked from rest
The ageless sirens into singing prest
Were, of the splendor of thy smile aware;
Nay, I can almost see their streaming hair
Caught in the sunshine, of its sight, in quest.
Like a great sapphire, in the horizon set
Thou seemest, by the Eternal worn, as seal;
And standing on the shore, mine eyes are wet,
Not with thy spray, but with my soul's appeal
That thou who hast worn continents, with fret,
Wilt secret of this marvelous calm reveal.

SEPTEMBER

I

SEPTEMBER

In spring I said: "For thee, O fair, more fair
Than all the other seasons, lit with shine
Of the baptismal lilies, more divine
Than even the summer, let my soul prepare;
And I went forth and quaffed the mystic air
And felt the spring run through my veins like
wine,

Then summer came; and summer so was mine
That all I dreamed, I felt its breath declare:
Now, golden-veiled usurper though thou art,
Matchless September, unto thee I turn
And measure every beat of thy full heart—
Taught by the season's dead—and toward thee
yearn,

Whose blood is blood of three, as toward a part
Of earth's great song whose notes I fain would
learn.

II

SEPTEMBER SUN FLOWERS

Great gaudy clocks that tell the summer's o'er,
Blazoning the knowledge forth, we fain would
shun;

Eastward ye turn, as challenging the sun,
Whose golden fires insatiate ye implore:
The slender humming birds dart by no more;
And filmy, fleecy webs, by night dews spun,
As if to veil your faces, one by one
Ye fling aside and flaunt out as before.
Beneath the western breezes like a tide
Ye proudly glittering sway, as thus to show
New claim to homage, now the rose has died;
But high above you, bold cicadas blow
Their sharp, shrill warnings, as to trumpet wide
The brazen Autumn lurks beneath your glow.

III

AUTUMN

The voice of June still haunts the silver streams,
And yet, O wanton Autumn, June is dead,
Nor all thy wiles can change the sumach's red
Into the glory of the sweetbrier's gleams;
But subtle ecstasy of Summer seems
As if it lingered in the skies o'erhead,
The while thou mock'st at sign of swallows fled,
And smil'st, though hushed the thrushes' sunset
dreams.—

To tuneless monotones thou mak'st consent—
And to the spectral butterflies that go,
As if with searching for the lilies spent,
Sighing above the asters zoned with woe,
Yet, haughty-souled, thou wear'st without lament,
The funeral flowers that thine own grave bestrow.

IV

Divine September, wert not so divine,
I should reproach thee that thou dar'st to reign
Where summer once held place; but o'er the
 plain,
That stretches outward to the horizon line,
Like endless seas whose billows dazzling shine,
I see the sun-anointed fields of grain,
And breathe, upon the warm air borne again,
The subtle perfumes of the fir and pine.—
Thou art so like the summer, thou couldst cheat
The earth itself, the likeness to mistake,
For fanning by the yellow plumes of wheat
And gorgeous hovering o'er the illumined brake
The velvet butterflies in drowse of heat
Are lingering, not for thee, but summer's sake.

V

The vagrant winds are blowing o'er the plain,
Warm as in summer; and the thick fogs lift
From off the morning's face, and outward drift
In sheeny billows o'er the fields of grain.
The fireweed and chickory bloom again,
And golden sunbeams that through pine trees
sift

Seem writing as they palpitate and shift,
Illumined notes of a divine refrain.—
The skies, more azure even than in June,
Are quick with splendor, and night after night
From the dead heart of August comes the moon,
Imperial mourner, with its tragic light,
The legacy of summer that, too soon,
With all this pageantry will fade from sight.

VI

The falling hemlock-needles pierce the haze
And strike the ferns that still unshrunk'n remain;
And the tall sunflowers hold aloft again
Their streaming banners through the amber
days;
The thistles' cobweb'd stars with silvery rays
Along the waysides hold their glittering reign;
And signaling heat, in a discordant strain,
A sun-lured locust, piping shrilly, plays;
Late dandelions deck the mountain side,
And the blue asters in the shadows lie;
But from the birds that through the forests glide
There comes no sound of singing as they fly,
Only through waves of silence swept aside
A breath of music like a long-drawn sigh.

VII

Summer that lingerest as beneath a spell,
Tranced in the cloudless azure of the skies,
The first fleet swallow that outgoing flies
Writes on the air it wings through thy farewell;
Thou canst not with thy sweetest wiles dispel,
Or tender pathos of thy sun's disguise,
Nor canst with all thy loveliness surprise
The June birds back, their ecstasies to tell—
Yet why, transcendent Summer, shouldst thou
go?

The gauzy morning-glories linger still;
The gold nasturtiums, golden-hearted, blow;
The blood-red poppies burn upon the hill;
Thou, through whose veins the unslackened currents flow,
Why should Death claim thee at his sullen will?

VIII

Nature is but the Eternal's countersign,
Inexorably given—and like a dream
Thou wentest with thy yellow hair astream
Floating resplendent past the sunset line;
And flowers thou bor'st that I had held as mine,
Left me bereaved anew; yet so supreme
Rapture their beauty gave, it left a gleam
To which I constant turn, as to a shrine—
Nor radiant as thou wert shall I repine,
Others as radiant have been borne along,
In which I learned, silent 'neath bloom and shine,
Silence may be diviner even than song;
And am content, who quaffed thy goldenest wine,
That matchless, thou shouldst join that match-
less throng.

IX

Summer, dear Summer, with thine airy grace
And soft enchantments, though we thought thee
 flown,

Thou hast come back on sunlit pinions, blown
By southern breezes to thine olden place;
Thou holdst the mist-crowned hills in thine embrace,

With a majestic passion all thine own,
Till on thy bosom, amber burnished grown
The dazzling necklace worn in June we trace.—

Oh, Summer, unforgotten and divine,
In tender glory of these passing days
We see thine azure eyes pathetic shine
Like those of one who journeying homeward,
 stays

Waiting amid the silence for some sign
Of the old music, that made glad the ways.

X

FAREWELL TO SUMMER

Go, Summer, in thy matchless beauty, go.
Thou wouldst be desolate if thou shouldst stay,
For birds that sang to thee, have flown away,
And roses on thy breast died long ago.
Nor can the sunflowers, with their gaudy glow,
Tempt to remain, for howso in array
They supplicate, as toward the sun they sway,
That they will make thy funeral train, they
know.—

No more, with thine elysian message sent,
Will thy melodious footsteps wander by;
And ocean, with its near waves, makes lament,
And winds through pallid bloom of alders sigh,
Thou art so beautiful—go, be content
Who didst bear roses, like the rose to die.

XI**ON THE CLIFF**

It is the time when hollyhocks bloom, that hold
Their gorgeous cups outstretched to catch the
dew;

And velvet hearts of the nasturtiums woo
The splendid topaz fires of suns untold;
When by the river, calm and cool, unfold
The lilies one by one, and bees pursue
The primrose perfumes, flaunting forth to view,
In dazzle of the noons, their chains of gold—
The pale pink blossoms of the locusts lie
Unblown by winds as carven in the air,
And a faint film of heat o'erspreads the sky
As if the soul of August hovered there;
And in a sapphire drowse the ocean nigh
Hushes itself to slumber unaware.

XII

I watched the amber sun sink noiselessly,
And drown in amber billows of the west;
And the great crescent moon sail forth in quest
Of a new height to sentinel the sea.
From out its silver heart the light broke free
And dropped in splendor on its tide-rocked
 breast,
And every rose upon the cliff's broad crest
Grew into bridal white, at its decree—
Across the shore-kissed waves its soft beams fell,
And, as from soul of a great violin swept,
An agony of music seemed to swell
As if the sea, like a blanched mourner, kept
Divinely murmuring a divine farewell
Above the cave where the dead Triton slept.

XIII

And lo, unbidden, to the September days
Thou hast bequeathed thine own exceeding glow
Silvering the white-shelled shore; and winds that
 blow

And fan the flame-torched cliffland into blaze:
Over the heavens a silken tissued haze
Wrapt round the sun, as if, untangling slow,
Is torn to fleeces that upsailing go,
And vanish in the splendor of its rays—
Myriads of wayside flowers spring and here and
 there,

Pilfering a lingering rose, a stealthy bee
And locusts trumpeting throughout the air
Approach of noon, and the great turquoise sea
That murmuring on its way in soft despair
Breaks to lamenting as for thee—for thee.

XIV

Daily the hidden unforgetting morn,
Has flung from East to West a silver haze;
Daily the sun with its defiant rays
Into a thousand threads Her film has torn;
And in the triumph of its golden scorn
September with full ecstasy ablaze
Has daily spilled upon the flower-lit ways
Rapture transcendent, as if heavenly born.—
Oh, matchless one, how can I else but sigh,
Knowing that with thy beauty, still a gleam,
Thou wilt be roused, nor can the call deny,
From the divineness of thy perfect dream;
And I shall see thee in some sunset sky,
Drift silent outward on its shining stream.

XV

White moon onlooking as the sun sank low
And weltering in its own effulgence, died
Like an evangel to the light allied
Climbing the opal East I saw thee go:
Beneath, silvering the ocean in its flow
I saw thy radiance tangled in the tide
On its immeasurable bosom ride
And mingle with the sun's last burning glow.—
Divine pale moon! I, plunged, in Life's regret
Confronted thee, who hadst no pang to bear,
Who unlamenting saw the great sun set,
And still climbed on, serene, and calm, and fair,
And wondered when defeat thou shouldst have
met
If even, heaven-held, thou wouldst not learn de-
spair.

XVI

A SEPTEMBER IDYL

I looked up to the dominant heavens, and saw
From the sun's smoldering fire; an amber smoke
That lit the swarthy purple of the East
And sent the clustering clouds to burnished gold,
Like petals of a new-blown daffodil:
And I was sent to silent worshiping,
While from the naked bosom of the sea
Came murmurous music that the morning's breath
Was disentangling from the pulsing waves
And that, aërial wafted, rose and fell,
Filling the yellow silence like a flame,
Until with fainting of the tide, it swooned
And then, in pallor of the sunrise died;
And where no longer bloomed the daffodil
 Bloomed the white rose of day.

Again I looked up to the dominant heavens
And saw an arch magnificently blue,
Brooding majestic o'er the Universe,
That stretched out, so immeasurably fair
It seemed for footstool of Jehovah fit:
So fair, the splendor that its bosom hid
Seemed blazing through—so fair that once again
I fell to worshiping, while down the noon,
Bright as if stars had found their way to wings,
Came the September, sun-winged, butterflies

Drifting to shrunken flowers:—There was no
sound

But the faint flutter of a bird or leaf
To break the spell, and even the sea itself,
That lay like a great crystal in the light,
Sent forth no voice, but noiseless kissed the sky:—
The sky of which my soul more conscious grew,
Accepting it as first and last and whole—
That compassed all and held the key to all
Until I almost felt there was no world—
Nothing but its sublime supremacy,
Nothing but bared heart of Infinity:
And I was lifted up, like one who dreamed,
To something that I could not understand,
Something invisible, that held me tranced,
That in the visible was palpitant;
Till while still tranced, behold I came to know
What I was worshiping was not the sky
But the Ineffable.

OCTOBER

I

FROM A MILTON WINDOW IN OCTOBER

THE sumachs burn their funeral pyres, to-day,
Above the graves, where unforgotten sleep
The Summer lilies Summer could not keep
And sky-kissed hyacinths beloved of May;
And the closed gentians blooming by the way,
Hidden in sylvan shadows dim and deep,
With dewy eyes for Autumn's trickeries weep,
Blazoning its gaudy tints to hide decay—
The glittering ripples chase the glittering rills
And from its amber heights, adown the air,
The reckless sun its reckless splendor spills
As if bold usurer, making April fair,
It had kept gold of all its daffodils
In Autumn's spendthrift rioting to share.

In ecstasy of silence, as with sight
Of its own plenitude, stretched east and west,
The earth lies, in its gorgeous drapery drest,
Laden with fruitage, palpitate with light.
Even the bees are noiseless in their flight,
Drunken with honeyed wine from wild grapes
 pressed,

And azure leaning, in a swoon of rest,
The hills are outlined on the azure height;
Unstirred by any breath of wind that blows
The clouds like snowy doves, soft flocking pass
And 'gainst the brilliant leaves the sunshine
 shows

In double measure as it lights the grass,
And aisle on aisle, 'neath the arched tree-tops,
 glows
Like a heaven-lit cathedral decked for mass.

Impetuous river that flow'st singing by,
Thy foaming waters iridescent shine
As if where dazzling Summer set its sign
The glory lingered, Autumn to defy;
I have seen lilies on thy wave-crests lie
And swallows sail above thee, line on line,
And white moons grow to fullness, and then pine
And winter snowflakes whirling round thee fly.
Still fair as in the past, I turn mine eyes
Lured past the hills and valley lands, to thee
Who matchless bearest out, the matchless skies
Inviolat on thy bosom, to the sea,
And feel again the eternal charm that lies
In thine eternal rhythmed minstrelsy.

II

ONE OCTOBER DAY

The dazzling-hearted sun has kissed away
The filmy mists that blushed at early morn,
And a faint fragrance, as of Summer born,
Sweeps on the southwest wind across the bay.
The gorgeous foliage, as to cheat the day,
Flames in the gardens, of their blossoms shorn,
And on the bosom of the noon is worn
A silver shadow, like the moon astray;
O beautiful October, radiant crowned,
Glittering with amber lights that make thee fair,
Above thy harvest flutes, there comes a sound
As if stark Azrael, hovering in the air,
Dropped heavy tears upon the dew-drenched
ground,
Waiting from hence, thy golden soul to bear.

And oh, what matters it how bright the sun
Or how divinely fair, the day may be?
There is a shadow constantly, I see
A dark eclipse, as if the day were done;
The birds have drifted southward, one by one,
And the unpitying hills look down on me
Lifting their veils of azure mystery,
Lit by the sunset fires, I fain would shun;
I cannot quaff, I am so poor a thing,
Thy beauty, O October, as of old,
Or grow again intoxicate with Spring,
Or the illusive heart of Summer hold,
For even on brightest pageants thou canst bring
Of flowers, or forests, there is hint of mold.

III

TWO MOODS

The earth once more has grown articulate,
And opening petals of the wild flowers bear
Divinest intimations through the air
Of music only Springtime can translate;
The sky down-laden with its hyacinth freight,
Bends yearning o'er the hills, and leaning there,
Dreams of the violets that shy and fair
For the warm April sunshine lie in wait;
White doves with dawn-flushed bosoms fluttering
 rise
Marking their way in iridescent line,
And yet, with all thy wiles, I recognize,
O wanton Spring, between thy heart and mine
Such an impenetrable shadow lies,
I hail thee not, who once hailed thee divine.

Haunt me no longer, Phantom of the Past.
Thou com'st to me to-day in shining guise
Of sun-crowned Spring, that with thine April
 eyes

Bring'st me remembrance, tears, and longings
 vast.

I bid thee go, and yet I hold thee fast,
So fair thou art, for flung across thy skies
Morn after morn, a banner streaming flies
As if from Heaven a signal had been cast;
Haunt with regrets no more, O flute-voiced
 Spring,

But as with message from the East, proclaim
With revelation of each growing thing
Earth has beatitudes Death's power to shame—
Why should I shrink thy presence, who canst
 bring

From out their graves the daffodils to flame?

IV

TWO OCTOBER DAYS

The sun-drenched flowers are glittering on thy
breast,

O wonderful October! and upflare
Like lighted torches that illumine the air,
And spread their blazing gold-fires east and west.
The skies o'erwhelmed with blue throb manifest;
And flocked like gulls with pinions snowy fair
The clouds sail outward toward the horizon,
where

Hushed on the deep magnificence they rest;
The forests, like colossal gardens, shine,
And the tall sumachs, vivid blushing sway,
And a bewildered bee, half drunken with wine,
Drops from his purple cup, and steals away;
And the day drifts, resplendent and divine,
Too beautiful to go, too bright to stay.

The warm, transparent air is still astir
With a few gauzy butterflies, that sail
Above the asters, growing purple pale,
And the low azure studded juniper.
The grapes are covered with a sunblown blur,
Clustering with nectar brimmed, on vines that
trail,

And partridges are drumming 'cross the vale,
Drowning with noisy beats their pinions' whirl—
The tansy's yellow plumes are nodding low,
And as with summer drugged, shrunken and old;
Disheveled dandelions that by waysides grow,
Unsheath again their flashing blades of gold,
And borne from leaf to leaf the shadows go
Trembling, as prescient of some grief untold.

V

AN OCTOBER IDYL

I looked up to-day and saw in the heavens
Through the floor where the cherubim tread
The shine of their feet as downward it beat
To the shine of the clouds overhead.

And the sun as it throbbed with its scintillant
gold,
And the noon in its zenith of power
As it sprang forth new born from the bosom of
Morn,
Sent the world into bloom, like a flower.

And the wind o'er the hills and the wind o'er the
vales,
As it met in the silence supreme,
Woke strain after strain, like the golden refrain
Of a rhapsody set to a dream.

And I said, I have seen, I have seen, and I know,
In the Universe, glory alight;
Lies the infinite whole of the infinite soul
Of a Universe hidden from sight.

And the tears that I wept were like floods in the
Spring

That the south winds of April create,
And I said, I have seen what is lying between
The Earth and the Heaven that I wait.

NOVEMBER

I

NOVEMBER SUNRISE AT THE SEA

THE horizon line is glimmering dusky red,
And the pale filmy sun, awakens from sleep,
And strong winds blown across the marshes keep
The bushes cowed, as with a trampling tread;
The flowers that erewhile lit the ways are dead;
And the gray earth, far as the eye can sweep,
Ragged, and torn, and sodden, seems asleep
With the chill, pallid damps, of pallid dread;—
The sea's green waves break foaming on the
 shore,
And wild birds flapping overhead, go by,
And, roused from couch of mullein down, to soar,
One last, gold, sky-beribboned butterfly,
Unknowing that its gaudy reign is o'er,
Like a winged fleur-de-lis, sails forth to die.

II

Wrapt in mysterious light thou dreamest dreams
O sad November, and for short, sweet space
Stay'st thine advance and with resplendent grace
Each hectic leaf sends forth bewildering gleams,
And glory runs from mountain tops in streams.
And held fast locked in a supreme embrace
Summer looks down with its divinest face
As if too pitying, to withdraw its beams—
Dream on, November! Thou, too, soon wilt
wake

To disenchantment and to ruin bleak;
Masking in guise of June, thou canst not make
The June's soul thine, for thou wert born to reek
In mists of desolation; nor canst break
From curse of doom, though all the gods should
speak.

III

Grim sullen clouds that melancholy ride,
Prescient of storm, across the chill gray sky,
Ye hover low, as sunlight to defy
And the dead Summer's phantom to deride;
The leaves have blown from forest ways aside,
And in the naked hollows, torn-veined, lie,
And o'er the stricken earth, the North winds sigh
For the glad-hearted flowers that long since
died—

Darker and still more threatening ye grow
Heavy with unshed tears, till spent with pain
From the blanched heavens ye pour your utter
woe

In a wild turbulence of hopeless ruin.
And Autumn stripped of pomp, is beaten low,
The glory of its pageant all in vain.

IV

THREE DAYS IN NOVEMBER

The leaves have fallen, and the fitful light
Wavers above them from the spectral sun,
And o'er the skies, thin blue, half threatening
run

The clouds that darken in their northward flight;
Beneath the vines as if resisting blight,
That into tangles by the winds are spun,
The yellowing of the grasses has begun—
Touched by the morning frost-webs silvery white.
The widowed Earth in loneliness supreme
Enshrouds herself in a thick veil of woe,
And robed in sackcloth, in a frozen dream,
Sees, one by one, her fairest treasures go;
Hearing no more the song of bird or stream,
Only the funeral dirges, wild winds blow.

The rain is dropping from the ashen skies
Dull tears that Autumn weeps with dull dismay,
And the disheveled hills are drowned in gray,
And a thick fog impenetrable lies
Over the sullen sea that, hidden, sighs;
The ground is sodden and dead leaves obey
The pools' insistence and are borne away,
And on their murky bosoms matted rise.
The Earth with hopeless misery seems spent,
As if its soul held place in some dead zone
Where supplications for escape were pent,
As if, with its own weeping it had grown
So numb with pain, that were the Sun's face sent
Not even the resurrection would atone.

The sun is golden struggling through the mist,
And o'er the Heavens great flecks of blue are
spread,

And the long line of sea from its pale bed
Into pathetic splendor has been kissed;
The recovered hills are crowned with amethyst,
And the trees' naked branches that have shed
Their sprays of rainbows in the light blush red
And lure the sparrows to a noonday tryst.
The scented air, blown from the South, sweeps
by

As if from Summer, and the oak leaves glow
In the moist pathways as they sunlit lie
As if death were not death; and rousing slow
The fractious Earth forgets awhile to sigh
And smiles, as smiles the dying, glad to go.

V

As to cheat back the glory that once crowned,
The sunlight of this transient summer falls,
Illumining the vines that cling the walls,
And trail their tangled crimson on the ground;
The warm south winds are blowing softly round,
And a half-wakened bee, 'chance that recalls
The vision of some rose that still enthralls,
Goes noiseless searching for the rose unfound.
Tender, mysterious, from the mist unwon,
We seek to trace the distant hills, in vain;
But the whole sky scaping, it has put on
Divinest blue of its divinest reign;
And we might dream June sunlight had not gone
If but the rose, the rose, would bloom again.

VI

The gold of early autumn tarnished lies,
And the deep gloom of the November days
Hangs o'er the watery sun in heavy haze,
That struggle of its flickering light defies.
The forest pine-trees breathe despairing sighs,
And fleet hawks scream above sequestered ways,
And in a matted heap where moisture stays
Great flecks of brown, the once bright leaves disguise.—

Upon the barren hills and barren plain
The ragged stalks, no lingering flowers display,
And echoes of the sea's eternal pain
From the near shore are rolling on their way;
And earth's heart breaks, knowing it would be
vain
Howso it wept, the hand of death to stay.

VII

TO A NOVEMBER ROSE

Pale rose, that in the pale November grew,
 Coming when earth's sweet fever that ran high,
 And burned itself to wild flowers, had gone by,
 As if the summer's farewell pierced thee through,
 Behold, in soft lament thou wearest hue
 Of the wan moon that vexed thine autumn sky
 That haply, with its wasted light, drew nigh,
 And shivering, kissed thee while the night winds
 blew.—

I watch thy half-closed petals as they part,
 White as some mourner that despair defies,
 Looking toward heaven though with a breaking
 heart.—

Why stoop'st to smile, why mockest with dis-
 guise?

Pale sorcerer, I know thee as thou art,
 The phantom of a red rose blanched with sighs.

VIII

MOONLIGHT

The lambs are hushed from bleating in the fold,
And the long twilight has shut in the day,
And silver-shod, the moon goes on its way
Dropping its slender arrows pure and cold;
The naked earth, whose radiant robes grown old,
Autumn has rent, in skeleton array,
Shudders, while branches of the bare trees slay
The filmy light, too colorless to hold.
Go, sad-faced moon. Thou dost but add to woe
A woe more absolute: Take thy wan light
From wan November, lest it piteous show,
Its utter desolation and its blight;
If fickle, thou canst not transfigure—go
And drown thyself, in constancy of Night.

DECEMBER

SUNRISE AT CHOCORUA

IN the vast cradle of the firmament
Thou liest, oh snow crowned one, white 'bove thy
head

The morning star that throbs from gold to red
Yearns down to thee, with sway magnificent:

So all inviolate is thy content

I watch, and lo! the lights that have been sped
From out the East, and o'er thee arching spread,
Seem summoning thee to heavenly sacrament:—

Begotten of chaos, hurled from depths unknown
To thy majestic place, 'neath fires that climb,
And flush thy forehead, by the Eternal blown,
Thou seemst from sound and dreamless sleep of
Time,

While the great sun has to full splendor grown,
Half stirred to wakening, with a smile sublime.

DECEMBER AT THE HEADLANDS

The North wind blows the light snow 'cross the
shore

And whirls it feathery out, wild winged and free
Into the iridescence of the sea,

And on the sky, like a song's matchless score,
The headlands sculptured lie, while o'er and o'er
Dashing against their stone fronts riotously,

As at some Triton's, bugle-blown, decree,
Great tides of jeweled waters, rush and roar;—

The silent earth enclad in filmy white,
Lies as if dead; and yet adown the air,

Because the sun, mightier than ocean's might,

Will some day kiss its snow-wrapt bosom bare,

Despite the shroud, despite the flowers in
blight,—

We know, we know the Spring lies embryoad
there.

BOOK VII
MISCELLANEOUS

BLUE BELLS

BRIGHT blue bells, clustering in the olden way
In the same garden where in days divine
Ye seemed like goblets filled with dewy wine
For butterflies athirst, I sigh to-day,
While on your slender stems you softly sway,
That when they touch you now with wings
ashine

I hear no more—how-so, mine ears incline,
The wild, sweet jubilant chimes ye used to
play;—

—Yet as I watch your veins' transparency.
Something of the old glamour haunts me still;
Ye seem again, warm nurslings of the sky,
And as, sun kissed, ye drink your azure fill,
Almost I might believe that from on high
Ye could bring back a message, at your will.

A LINE OF SUNFLOWERS

LOVERS, enamored lovers of the day,
Ye have outshaken your petals on the air
Till like great suns unorbited, ye flare
And through the filmy fleeces burn your way;
The hollyhocks their blushing tributes pay
And from their hearts, bees, noon assembled,
bear

Mysterious messages, the while ye share
The secrets of the winds that round ye play;
Along the line ye blaze, like gold fires set,
To make the yellow sunshine seem more bright,
And chance, charm back the rose and violet,
And yet, with all your sorceries alight
Ye cannot stay the whippoorwills' regret
Or lure divine-voiced thrushes from their flight.

UNTO MY SOUL

UNTO my Soul, I said, "Thou hast drunk deep
Of life's red wine, why art thou not content?
Thou hast sailed space, and to the desert lent
A desolation vaster than its sweep;
Thou hast seen starlight scarlet flowering, leap
Into divinest music flaming sent,
And wept above the ashes white and spent
Of visions fled, too heavenly fair to keep.
Insatiate Soul, all things that thou hast known
Are part of thee—the early joy of Spring.
The vast despairs, the starlight scarlet blown
And even the songs thou dream'dst, but couldst
not sing:
How be content, with yesterdays outgrown?
How be content who, untamed, higher wouldst
wing?"

MUSIC

O Music, child of that endazzling sphere,
Unarched and unhorizoned, on thy wings
Ethereal spread, thou liftest me past rings
Of the orchestral planets, until near
The veiled immeasurable, almost I hear,
The rippling of the splendid light that springs
From crown to crown, and o'er thy forehead
flings

The streaming rainbows that thereon appear.—
Soul of the new-born Spring's antiphony
And of the deeps that call, beyond the line
That is invisible, twixt land and sea,
Past purple edge of earth, into the shrine
Of the ineffable, thou liftest me
Through zone on zone, up to the all divine.

TO HOLLYHOCKS

GORGEOUS magicians, flaming here and there,
The streaming fires that on your bosoms glow,
Ye come too late, the silver tunes to know
That lilies trumpet through the Summer air
Or clustering bluebells chime; but brazen flare,
Through smoky yellow heats, while to and fro
Through the enmuffling August sunshine go
Great butterflies, that shadowy banners bear;
Your silken petals that full opened show
In mimic folds, as channels for the dew.
Wherefore so strange enfashioned, none may
 know

Nor can we from the universe gain clew
If it was some vast dread or some wild woe
With which ye were enwrinkled as ye blew.

SUMMER IN A CITY

WILD flowers in distant dells are calling me
And the great sun is pointing outward, where,
Cleared from the smoky film of city's air,
It will flood honeysuckles by the sea;
I follow it and know it will kiss free
From the sheathed orchids, rose fires, flaming
 there,
And that above each flower that 'scapes its snare
Will drift entranced a golden girted bee;
Across the level sands, grown doubly sweet,
Will come the clover scent from new mown grass,
And should I eastward turn, mine eyes would
 meet
The vine-clad glory of a wild morass,
And if turned westward, flaming at my feet
Great cups, held high, lest I unseeing pass.

Still, still I hear them, from fields daisy-crowned,
From brooksides, meadows and the marshy ways,
And know how the thin, summer heated haze
Will, purple raptured, hover o'er the ground;
How to the blue heavens by a blue line bound
The outstretched sea, with sunshine all ablaze,
Will lie, like an embosomed chrysoprased,
While murmurous silence faints from murmurous sound.

Why lingerest thou, my soul? If thou wouldst keep

Thine earlier daring, thou must dwell in sight
Of the sublime, immeasurable deep,
And bathe thyself in the translucent light
Of salt breathed days; and learn from seagull's flight,
Breasting the ether, how the immense to sweep.

276 **In a Portuguese Garden**

Still, still, and still again they call to me,
Down from the mountain peaks where wild winds
 blow,
And gentians on their breast toss to and fro;
And where sweep eagles mighty winged and free,
The heated pavements burn my feet. I see
Humanity in swarms that wearied go,
Crowding the alleys in a listless flow,
Dreaming of flower fields, where they fain would
 be;
I shut mine eyes: the city fades away,
Its noise is changed to measures that enthrall;
I see the clover nod, the sea's white spray,
And down the mountain leaps a waterfall;
Oh, soul, why shouldst with even the seagulls
 stay,
When from the sun's great heart the eagles call?

AT THE SEA

I LOOK up at the sky,
So blue, and so immeasurably high,
So passionately blue and all divine,
And hear the swish of waters at my feet,
Of waves borne onward from the horizon line,
That their Eternal Litanies repeat,
And then with sighs like those of violins; retreat

I know not where.

And summer seems so luminously fair
My soul sails, like a seagull through the air,
And riots with the tides:
And stringed like an ethereal lyre,
The morning sunshine glides
From wave to wave, and crowns the sea with fire:
I plunge in it, and feel
The golden splendor racing through my veins
And grow intoxicate with desire
To reach the Limitless Unseen,
And catch the glitter and the sheen
Of that o'erwhelming light
That floods the Infinite
With nought between.
My soul forgets its clanking chains:
I see the clouds like chariots roll by;
And mount and mount and wheel:
I reach them, pass them and then pass the sky
And with my soul's wings, still outspread
The universe defy.

I sail on till the moon is high
And all the great fires lie:
The sea grows calm, and the whole sky
Like a great saffron seems therein to lie.
Once more I plunge, and know
Who break the line where sky and sea are one.
It is the heart of Heaven I hear in oceans' flow:
The other beckons upward, and I go
 And sail up toward the sun
That seems to flash and flame and flare
As of Jehovah's breath aware,
Whose ecstasy I fain would share
Whose ecstasy I fain would dare:—
I dare it—pass it, and then pass the sky
 And fly and fly and fly
Into the limitless for which I sigh
And with my soul's wings still outspread
 The universe defy.

AT THE RIVER

AGAIN adown the cliff the south winds blow
And kiss the drowsy poppies into flame;
And the blue river winding on the same
Is singing as it ripples soft and low:
The lazy bees that through the sunshine go
For purple shelter of the clover aim
And pilgrim butterflies their gold shrines claim
Of wide-oped roses that by wayside grow;
All is unchanged; the sapphire of the sky,
The river's limpid flow, the daisies' swing,
The dew-crowned grass, the swallows sailing by,
And sense of music, summer seems to bring
As if it, silver-fluted, sigh on sigh
Of its own rapture, like some living thing.

ON THE CLIFF**I**

I strood upon the cliff where wild flowers grew,
And countless perfumes filled the summer air,
And butterflies were floating here and there;
And at my feet outstretched, divinely blue,
The ocean lay; An oriole up flew
The blazing sapphire of the heavens to dare,
And 'cross the channeled sky the clouds sailed
fair,
And the great sun towards its zenith drew.
O earth so palpitate with mystery!
O birds and flowers and flaming butterflies,
Can ye interpret heart of June to me?
Ye make no answer, but a voice replies,
Wrung from the mighty travailing of the sea
In whose vast undertone the eternal lies.

II

The travelling died to murmurs:—hill peaks
gleamed—

The blossoms of a larch, shone silvery white;
The day was swooning with too full delight
And o'er its breast, a liquid glory streamed.—
No ripple stirred the grass—The clover seemed
With purple drugged, and the whole cliff in sighs
Lay, golden drowsing 'neath the sun, at height;
And earth and air and sky and ocean dreamed.
I watched, as tide-swept, by the matchless glow
Silence, in undulations rise and fall,
And through the atmosphere, incarnate go,
With soundless ecstasy enflooding all,
And more entranced, than listening music's flow,
Was breathless held, in its consummate thrall.

III

Across the sea illimitably blue,
Where the white ships went silent sailing by,
I bade my soul on eager pinions fly
And to its everlasting moan, find clew.
I heard, up from its caves, the tides sweep
through,
And a lone seagull in the distance cry,
And every wave breathed a despairing sigh,
As if the heart of ocean broke anew.
O sea, upon thine other far-off shore,
Thine other shore, for which I needs must pine,
My soul will rest, and supplicate no more;
And out beyond this agony of thine,
Beyond the ships, with mystic freights they bore,
Reach the gold lights that in the harbor shine.

NASTURTIIUMS

YE have relit your fires of lurid gold,
O gay Nasturtiums, and with all the rays
Of all the suns of summer are ablaze,
Quaffing the noon's elixir as of old;
The lilies by the river, pure and cold,
Look wondering toward ye, from their sylvan
ways

As gaudy poised ye flutter through the days
Like butterflies that fain would wings unfold,
O gorgeous shining flowers! O blossom bright
Of radiant souled July! out through the dew
Ye send a thousand pointed shafts of light
That sting me to remembrance anew
Ye are the torches, ere the funeral rite
The summer's splendid vaunt ere death shall woo.

THE VAGRANT

I PLUCKED a flower that in an alien place
Among the roses I had chanced descry,—
A vagrant that had wild and sweet and shy,
Though exiled, bloomed in solitary grace,
No tender care had sought its growth to trace
But sun and dew and air, and smiling sky
Had wrought their miracles, till roses nigh
Could not entice the bees from its embrace;
I know not, if the flowers to mold have grown,
But I have wondered whether valley-born
That flower had not, though among the roses
blown

For its own kindred sighed—nay yestermorn
I saw its golden mate, whose golden zone
Was drenched with tears, as if it wept forlorn.

OUT OF THE PRISON HOUSE

I HEARD the yearning voice of Spring
Clamoring to me like some wild thing;
I heard the sapphire sea implore;
I heard the young leaves, o'er and o'er
Cry out, resistless in their gold,
To fires within me growing cold:
Wake, ailing soul, bid doubts take wing;
Wake, and make answer to the Spring!

I heard the calling of the wind,
Blowing, salt-breathed, and unconfined,
That 'cross the soft young grasses swept,
And on its southward journey kept,
Bringing me news of flowering plain,
And hillside floods let loose again,
Calling, "How deep thy wounds, how sharp life's
 sting,
Wake and make answer to the Spring!"

Ah, not in vain the cry of Spring,
Clamoring to me like some wild thing,
For all the rapture of the sea
And all the golden ecstasy
Of leaves and grass and flowers withal
Lift me to wing forth at its call:
How hug despair, how heed life's sting,
Intoxicate with breath of Spring!

A VISION

I know not what the radiant vision wore,
It was some sheeny drapery, of the hue
That edging sunset clouds when day is o'er,
Faints into lilac on the twilight's blue;
The color of the heather sunlit through and
through.

I know not what, divine withheld, she thought,
She had a look of rapture in her eyes,
As if from looking eastward she had caught,
Glad intimations from the morning skies,
That held her soul enthralled with mystic
prophecies.

I know not where the radiant vision went,
She left no flowers that I her way might trace,
As loved of Dis, and yet I am content,
She will come back the heart of spring to
grace,
And with the hyacinths take her hyacinthine
place.

TWO MOODS

TO-DAY

I AM exultant souled to-day,
I am a comrade of the sun,
And ride the sky, with blue o'errun
In the sun's own imperial way—
I am exultant souled to-day.

I watch the linden blossoms sway,
Their scents intoxicate the air;
I quaff it, and forget despair,
And the wild will of joy obey—
I am exultant souled to-day.

I am the sun, the sky, the day,
I feel impalpable, divine,
Their beating hearts beat unto mine;
Bid me "God speed" upon my way,
I am exultant souled to-day.

YESTERDAY

So blue the sky of yesterday,
 Into its bosom I was drawn,
 And heard the music of the dawn,
And held the golden East in sway—
So blue the sky of yesterday.

So matchless, sun of yesterday,
 I caught the rapture of its pace,
 And followed, till aflood in space
The apocalypse hid earth away—
So matchless, sun of yesterday.

The apocalypse hid earth away;
 I held the keys of life and sight.
 Oh sun, new sun just risen to light,
Though a new heaven may lie thy way,
I wing the heaven of yesterday.

TO A FRINGED GENTIAN

WHY should I sigh that summer flowers are dead?
For fair as any summer flower that grew,
Thou art, O gentian, brimming with the blue
Of the immeasurable deep o'erhead.
Thou grewest, shadowed in thy mountain bed
By the empurpled peaks, and bright with dew,
Catching the golden light that flickered through,
In shy wild grace, I saw thee lift thy head;
O sky-fringed rapture, thou mayst well be fair,
Who liv'st mid forest hushes, and its sighs,
And hear'st the whippoorwill's divine despair;
No wonder that in thine aerial guise
Thou shouldst, unconsciously, "the Heavens de-
clare"
Who holdest Heaven in thy cerulean eyes.

MAGNOLIAS

THE full moon o'er the dazzling hill-tops sails
And shines translucent on the grass below
And I half listen, as once long ago,
On the Campagna, for the nightingales;
The nightingales sing not, but 'cross the vales
Divinely borne by perfumed winds that blow,
Laments of whippoorwills onwafted go
To where, full opened, the magnolia pales;
Flooded with splendor the magnolias vie
With flowers of Rome; and the ensilvered hills
Might be her classic throne, save that near by
Their tangled deeps embosom whippoorwills.
And yet what matters it, far hills or nigh,
When the same white May moon the whole world
thrills?

LILACS

ADOWN a way with lilacs lined I went,
The purple of their plumes just breaking
through,
And half-forgotten dreams within me pent,
No longer phantoms, back to beauty grew:
And what I mourned as dead sprang into life
anew.

Shadows of leaves the wind blew to and fro
Were drifting, golden, o'er the sun-drenched
ground,
And the whole heavens above and earth below
With silence seemed a-throb, as if Spring found
The music flooding it, too exquisite for sound.

The mists shone on the hills like happy tears;
The white clouds overhead went flocking by;
I caught a scent that came 'cross gulf of years,
Diviner than of lilacs growing nigh;
I was a child again, that had not learned to sigh!

Thus, Spring on Spring, when into purple glow
I see the lilacs opening, day by day,
Back, 'cross the stormy gulf of years I go,
And age, and grief, and failures, drop away:
Oh, life so bitter sweet—I am a child in May.

GLADIOLUS

I QUESTION not they bear a fitting name,
These bladed lilies, as with spears aglow,
Lifted in martial order, row on row,
I watch their blossoms into color flame;
Some into blush that e'en roses shame
Some dusky red, some that from orange grow
To a faint saffron and then fainter go
Into the mystic pallors death might claim.
At sight of them—I hear adown the years
Rome's warriors answering to the battle cry
And clash of arms, and thud of feet, and cheers:
Of the wild multitudes that when drawn-nigh
Turn frightened, as the smoke of battle clears,
And from the awful scene of carnage fly.

And yet since so allied the lilies grow,
Why should I but of death and warfare dream?
It is the lilies, not the swords, that gleam
And turned from tumults, 'cross the seas I go
To where the peaceful Roman lilies blow
On the Campagna and where light winds seem,
Waked into music with the sun's first beam,
Wafting them, golden-rhythmed, to and fro;
Turned to their signals. Hark! I hear the
 sound
Of birds exultant singing in the ways
Where once rang bugles, and see, morning
 crowned,
Leaned on the skies as in the olden days,
The distant dome of the Cathedral, drowned
In sapphire-shining deeps, of sapphire haze.

SWALLOWS

SWALLOW, dear swallow, sharp-winged, sailing by,
Stay yet, and through the golden sunshine pass,
And dart from tree to tree, above the grass,
That we, too soon, may not for Summer sigh.
Entreat the lingering thrush that mounts on
 high,
Though morning-glories bloom no more, alas!
Unto the heavens to sing its morning mass
And drench again the dawn in ecstasy;
Unthinned the quivering leaves, and all aflame
The lilies in the field are not o'erpast;
Skim low, and brazen sunflowers put to shame
Usurping reign of rose too fair to last.
Take thy short flights before mine eyes the same;
Thou, who art Summer's lover, hold it fast.

Thou heedest not, O swallow, my desire,
For summer has escaped thee, nor couldst keep,
And swift, as to o'ertake, I see thee sweep
And trail thy shadow cross the sunset's fire;
Thou wilt go on with wings that never tire,
Out toward the horizon, when from infant sleep,
The moon will cling to bosom of the deep,
And the last flickering light of day expire.
Ah, if thou hitherward again couldst race,
And breathe to me that thou hadst chanced to
 stray,
The ether traversing, to that bright place
Through which the summer went its shining way,
If broughtst not back summer in thine embrace
How welcome thou, I should not bid thee stay.

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Nay, never through the purple air canst glide,
And through the twilight's gloom retrace thy
ways

And find the summer pathway through the haze,
Hung o'er the forests, that thou sweepst aside,
The sunset's flame that lured thee long since died,
And left no traces of their golden blaze;
And through a newer summer's perfect days
Thou wilt once more with perfumed south winds
ride.

Swallow, oh, swallow, fickle though thou art,
Still, still I hold thee dear, who mad'st bright
track,

Flinging the morning's tears from off thy heart,
Nor knew'st them tears, nor even knew'st thy
lack,

And yet of radiant summer mad'st a part,
And bore it out, yet cannot bring it back.

ON A STORM-BEATEN SEA CLIFF

FAR from the crowded city and the sound
Of its unending traffic, and the glare
Of its paved avenues and alleys, where
The stones grow hot above the smoking ground
I sat and watched the sea with waves, foam
 crowned,
That, flinging rainbows, chased each other there
And drank in the intoxicating air
As if elixir of the gods were found
The cool soft grasses clustered at my feet
And fleecy clouds trailed silvery toward the west,
And I forgot awhile the fevered heat
Of the great city's heart, nay, as each crest
Plunged to the sea again in its retreat,
Forget all else, save its divine unrest.

Nor yet could turn away, for, masts aglow,
I saw a distant ship sail radiant
On, and still on, to where the sky down-bent,
And out through the inseparate azure go
And vanish from my sight; and singing low
The waves still frolicking untamed, unspent,
Like chosen envoys from the Eternal sent,
That would keep covenants in ebb or flow:—
And then behold, the great sea far and nigh,
Blown by the wind, and wrapt in noonday shine,
Leaped into emerald surges that rolled by,
And I could hear, up from the shore's white line
A rushing rapture breaking to a sigh,
Nor knew, if from the sea's glad lips—or mine.

Cliff born and nurtured, on their wind-rocked
bed

The wild rose and the alder were asleep,
Watched by the efflorescent moon, whose sweep
Lay past the Pleiades, dimlit o'erhead.

Across the sky a shining shroud was spread,
As the sun lying in state, and upward sped.
I heard the waves eternal chorused sweep,
Into eternal imploration led.

Bright dreams and vague regrets held me in
sway,

Too bright, too vague for moonlight to trans-
late,

And grief and transport that behind me lay
Came rushing back, confronting me with fate;
Nor could sharp weaponed grief, my soul dismay
Since Love unslain, could transport recreate.

IN A SUBURB

ALMOST in sight the busy city ends;
Yet here the wild flowers in profusion blow,
And grass-grown valleys stretching outward go
Where here and there the shining river bends!
Alight with golden fires September spends
Her gorgeous days, whose morning vapors go
Snatched by the reckless sunshine's reckless glow,
And to its noons unshadowed splendor lends.
No noises of the city can be heard,
Nor faintest movement of the breathless air,
But drifting up, with pinions scarcely stirred,
Great butterflies their gauzy triumphs bear;
And hark—the song of a belated bird
Winging the hill peaks with its breast aflare.

The lapsing hush is broken but by call
Of locusts trumpeting an ambushed foe,
And swish of waters, in whose tidal flow
The very ripples as they rise and fall,
Are held by its soft murmurings in thrall.
And sinuous stemmed, the floating lilies show
They sleep, and dream; and phantomed faint
below
The sky dreams with them, sun, and clouds, and
all.—

The thistle disks, with millions' silver rays
Like crescent moons abloom, are shining near,
And lamps unflickering, all along the ways
On mullein spikes, are burning vestal clear,
And once more caught to rapture as it sways,
That scarlet bird flecking the atmosphere.

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All the day's gold in dazzling attar shines
Round foreheads of the hills! Sublime, they
lie

Chosen Apostles of the One Most High,
Written upon the earth in massive lines
Sloped down from heaven, whereon each crest
reclines.

And through the silence not a breath or sigh
Disturbs the infinite dream; e'en bees go by
Wafting beatitudes in noiseless signs.
With all the beauty that the wild flowers wear,
With the sky clasped to bosom of the stream,
With lilies floating passionately fair,
And the hills blazing, it would almost seem,
Lifting mine eyes thereto, they might declare
I had been face to face with the Supreme.

MILTON

Like the eternal raptured undertone
That shakes the seas' great soul from strand to
strand

The voice of Milton, mighty o'er the land
Has shaken the realms of music zone on zone.
Down silent years its echoes have been blown
By breath of Immortality, to grand
And grander ring, till England can command
The worship of the world for England's own:
Milton whose song Heaven's innermost Heaven
could dare

Milton enthroned as king 'mong deathless ones—
Hark, like a rush of planets dazzling fair
We seem to hear it as it onward runs;
Runs on sublimely till in upper air,
Flame-winged, flame-lit, it passes suns on suns.

AFTER THE BURIAL

BRING me some Lethean draught, that I may
know

A slumber, sound, as in my childhood's years;
Forget awhile to weep, who drown in tears,
And hear no more the sighing night winds blow:
The whippoorwills that through the moonlight
go

Sing maddeningly, and all the pallid spheres
Flicker and flare, until the night appears
Like a colossal presence draped with woe;
Some Lethean draught—not poppies, for their
red

Might feed the fires that burn my pulses so;
I hear a sound of rushing wings o'erhead;
And 'neath the moonlight's constant shifting
glow

I cannot, cannot sleep—She sleeps instead—
O wanton whippoorwills, sing low, sing low.

What draught is there that could this anguish
 slake

Or from my brain these visions seem to woo?
Or hide the throbbing moonlight from my view?
If I should sleep awhile, I might awake,
While o'er and o'er again my heart would break,
To hear the whippoorwills complain anew,
And endlessly, and endlessly pursue,
Those mounting wings I could not overtake.
Ah! had I lotus flowers, who still must weep,
Like summer roses, on my breast to wear,
Something diviner even than childhood's sleep
Might fall on me adown the moonlit air:
Oblivion, so deep, so heavenly deep
That Death itself, to gauge it would not dare.

BROWNING

ON England, Mother of that flame-crowned race,
High priests of Song, who nurtured on thy breast
Live on immortal,—Browning with the rest,
Proud of thine ownership lift up thy face
His birthday on Time's shining page to trace,
Whose song, like thunder of the heavens, has
 pressed

Magnificently onward East and West.
Till in Fame's citadel it has found place.
Fitting his advent to the world of men
The nightingales should chorus near and far
Who into Epics sang them back again,
Enrapturing Springs that ages cannot mar,
And set thy heavens to music with a pen
Dipt in the flooding splendor of a star.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

TO A GENIUS

O SOUL that hast sublime achievements known,
Sailing superbly onward planetwise,
Sending thy perfect light across the skies,
Teach me, a language lofty as thine own ;
Lift me to air of that resplendent zone
Where thought on thought shall sublimated rise
And find their golden way to paradise,
Into divinest measured music grown!—
Down in the lowly valleys where I bide.
Naught can desire appease, to reach thy height—
Thou who art with the stars and suns allied
And knowest the ineffable, of light.
Go circle space—thou canst the worlds outride,
Who art Apostle of the Infinite.

TO A CHILD OF YESTERDAY

BELOVÉD! Thou wert but a child when I knew
thee;

That fearless went forth into mists of the years.
Hast thou felt thrust of the weapon that slew
me?

Hast thou known struggle and blood-sweat and
fears,

And the wild rain of tears?

Thou who wert glad with the gladness of morning,
Coming toward April with on-flying feet,

Hast thou of blackness of midnights had warn-
ing?

Hast thou grown faint, with the desert sun's
heat—

That on desert sands beat?

Yet, what if the whirlwinds of living have rent
thee—

What if thy soul has been shaken with sighs?

Haply the lightning that scathed thee, has sent
thee

Sight of the hilltops on breast of the skies—

Unto which thou shalt rise.

Oh, the glory of morning still lies upon thee
Healing as hurt, hides in mists of the years
Thou hast drawn strength from the hilltops that
 won thee
Risen from whirlwinds and lightnings and tears
 Into calm of the spheres.

MIDSUMMER

O'ER the whole earth a quivering silence steals;
The air is sultry and the springs are dry,
And gorgeous butterflies drift languorously,
And the pale sweetbriar droopingly reveals
Its scorched and wilted foliage, as it feels
The blazing sky's insistent scrutiny;
And the bold thistle, even, seems to sigh;
And, blanched with heat, its purple heart conceals;
The brazen sun seems brazenly to glance
With lured eye, unchanging day by day;
Fierce watching, as to see the mists advance
And flocks of phantom swallows sail away,
Ere it shall fling to earth its last red lance
And, fire-soul'd, beauty of the summer slay.

WHAT WILL IT MATTER?

WHAT will it matter in some future day,
If shining stars lit my unreasoning heart,
Or worn-out worlds in darkness broke away?
Whether I sailed life's sea with map and chart,
Or tossed unguided till I reached the shore?
What will it matter when I toss no more?

What will it matter when I lie at rest,
Whether I dreamed and soared, and was content,
Or felt love's sword sharp turned within my breast,
And out of heaven to fires of torment went?
Whether I died ten thousand deaths before
What matter, when I shall have died once more?

What will it matter in death's happy sleep,
If the inconstant world I loved too well
Or too much hated? If I tried to keep
Pace with great souls, and won the race or fell?
If blind with life I missed its key divine,
What will it matter when the key is mine?

YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

YESTERDAY morning I looked forth and said
I cannot mend life, I have broken the thread
And what should I gain when the whole world is
 dead?

The hills in the distance were covered with snow
And the world although dead, seemed alive in its
 woe
And the wings of thy soul as if wounded, drooped
 low.

—Ah was it but yesterday morning I said
I cannot mend life, and the whole world is dead
With millions hearts beating, and God's over-
 head?

MARGARET

WHAT if Belovéd I never had known thee?
Searching the sunshine and searching the air
What if the west wind never had blown thee,
Sun-kissed, and smiling, and fair?
Hither to me, who while waiting thee long
Picked up a reed to blow forth a song
With which souls of reeds throng.

I blew on the reed, but I never could capture
List'ning for sound of thy music-shod feet,
A song that had lilt of an infinite rapture
Fitting thy coming to greet.
For song after song from the reed that I blew
Fell athrob through the air, like the drip of the
dew
And to threnodies grew.

I turned from the songs and the reed also, know-
ing
That out of some, daffodil April dawn caught
The west wind would blow thee a bird's song in
blowing
With a sky-note from heaven it had brought.
Oh not for thine ear, the reed's songs I blew
But the daffodil-dream of that bird as it flew
Making rainbows of dew.

AFTERGLOW IN MAY

LIGHT, flaming on the hills
And fire-fogs drifting by,
And through the thin rifts, sudden thrills
Of the enturquoised sky.

The dead sun's vivid sign
Set in the heavens o'erhead,
And a young moon's ensilvered line
Phantomed upon the red.

Soft winds in flower pursuit
Rapturing across the vales
Music as from an unseen lute
Or Lesbian nightingales.

Blossoms on bush and tree
And grasses dewy bright,
And lines of foam upon the sea
Like shining drifts of light.

Glory that lingering stays,
Color, transfiguring air,
And blown by breath of th' Spring to blaze
The universe aflare.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

HIS EXCELLENCY'S SOLILOQUY

(At Oyster Bay)

I HAVE been chosen to be the nation's head,
I, who hear constantly the forest's call,
Who am by mountain forces held in thrall,
Am called the city's bounded streets to tread;
To watch the thoroughfares lest herein led
Evil, fierce-fanged, my people should appall.
I am their wills' embodiment—o'er all
I must keep guard to shield from thing I dread.
I flinch not at the task nor turn my face,
I, servant of Jehovah, am content
To wield his righteous sword and take my place
With those to whom through ages he has lent
Courage and strength and holiness and grace
To hold undaunted, duty's battlement.

I flinch not at the task, and yet I know
With quickening of the blood, how 'cross the
plain

The loosed winds blow, and how like a wild strain
Of rushing music eagles swirling go,
Beating their upward way; and dropping so
The cares of state awhile, chance I may gain,
From thought of God's immense, new power to
reign

And a diviner guardianship bestow.
And since mid multitudes my feet are set,
I turn me from the mountain peaks aflame
Back to Humanity, nor can forget
He who once bore it, held it flawless, fair;
I will lead up his way, nor will I let
My spirit faint though countless scars I bear.

O Country! wonderful in might and power,
Akin to England, yet with loftier skies,
With glacial splendors and with suns that rise
Transfiguring thy cataracts hour by hour
To myriad rainbows tumbling into flower,
I gird me with the faith that in me lies
At call of thy brave sons, stanch-soul'd to rise
And 'bove the vapors of misgiving tower.
I know how great a thing it is to hold
Grip of a nation wearing crown of fame,
And pledge thy sons of high resolve made bold
Covenant to keep, unheeding praise or blame,
And borrowing from the rulers chosen of old,
Faithful to serve them, in Jehovah's name.

A SONG

(TO A SINGER—J. P. M.)

Nor with thy lips thou sang'st to me—
 From gaugeless deep that in thee lies
 More music haunted than the sea
 But sweeter than a nightingale
 Whose silver notes through moonlight trail
 Thou sangest with thine eyes.

Not with thy lips, thou soul of fire,
 But like a star that breaks the skies
 At the empurpled Night's desire,
 The impulse of whose golden flare
 Sudden enharps the circling air
 Thou sangest with thine eyes.

No sound of earth can drown the song,
 For mystical as south winds' sighs,
 That sylvan ways of summer throng,
 And flute-breathed, through the sunlight bear
 The forest pines' divine despair,
 Thou sangest with thine eyes.

Not with thy lips thou sang'st to me;
 But from the deep that in thee lies
 More music haunted than the sea:
 Like some wild thing a-swirl on wing
 That is ablaze with joy of Spring
 Thou sangest with thine eyes—
 Thine April eyes.

INDIAN SUMMER

THE lowering skies have lost their sullen gray,
And a great blaze of blue is o'er them thrown
And Autumn smiles, as if the glory flown
Came back to dazzle in its olden way;
And wakened bees, no longer loath to stay,
Through the warm noontide's mystic tunes intone
And haunt the rays, down from the sun's heart
grown,

As on some phantom lute beguiled to play.
It might be June dreamed back to earth again,
If morning-glories' pink-vined bells would chime,
Or if the buttercups held golden reign,
For a late oriole stays the heavens to climb
And a wild rose burns red. Autumn, all vain
Thou cheatest thyself, but thou canst not cheat
Time!

AN APRIL CHILD

INTO an April world your first-born came,
Stretching his arms aloft, as if to bring
Into his tiny palms the soul of Spring
And grasp the light with which it was aflame:
Listen! So soft his breathing, it might shame
Even the lightest zephyrs, as they ring
Flower bells to call the flowers to worshiping,
Or the faint sighs that opening hyacinths claim—
No longer will infinitudes surprise.
Ocean and air and sky will seem divine,
And in the coming days, when new suns rise,
Earth will be halo'd, and within its shine,
From out the azure deeps of those young eyes,
Heaven will look forth, as if vouchsafing sign.

AN AUGUST SONG

I HAVE no heart to sing,
For swallows outward wing,
And deeper shadows on the grasses fall;
And whippoorwills through longer twilight call,
And summer's wine is nearly drained withal,
 How can I, can I, sing,
 Swallows on wing?

The hills that lie in dream,
Still bathed in summer's gleam,
Although divine with sapphire, seem to sigh;
The heavens they breast look infinitely high
The fairest flowers that decked them, have gone
 by;
 How can I, can I, sing,
 Swallows on wing?

The evening star, more clear,
Glitters like a great tear
Wept for the day—the day that earlier fleets;
There are no longer the impassioned heats
The summer's heart; ah, me, so slow its beats,
 How can I, can I, sing,
 Swallows on wing?

YE WHO WOULD IN YOUR MARBLES
LIVE

YE who would in your marbles live, beware
Lest in your souls some hidden flaws ye bear.
For statues that ye dreamed were chiseled fair
Will in some reckless curve the truth declare.

ART'S ECLIPSE

HE painted faces fair, supremely fair,
Faultless in drawing and with coloring fine,
A hint of Genius in every line,
But never one that could an aureole wear;
Circes, and women with their bosoms bare,
And sea nymphs rising from the foamy brine
With wanton locks outflung, as to entwine
Around men's souls and, strangling, drown them
there:

—O Art, transcendent Art, if in thy guise
The senses can be moved, how canst thou keep
Thy holy garments from the grime that flies
Thickening earth's air?—Go and hurl fathoms
deep

Brushes that cannot paint in women's eyes
Beatitudes that to the saints might leap!

A PORTRAIT OF A FRIEND

AFTER MANY SITTINGS

ODD as a species, not for oddness' sake,
And never pleased the common ground to take;
Disdaining all conventional display,
And full of moods, as is an April day;
Frowning and pensive, smiling and disturbed,
With a strong will, that never has been curbed:

Yet as the April's splendor

Is always tender,

The little children linger at his knee,
Because he, too, a little child can be:

Standing apart

As one distinct; kissing the lips of Art
And yet, because in harmony most rare
With Nature, owning Nature is more fair;
Ennobling life with finest sentiment,
And looking in the eyes of Truth, content.

As some grand painting, that, in sunlight hung
Discloses to the world, with subtile power,
The essence of some dreamer's songs unsung,
The perfume of some soul's immortal flower:

So standing thus apart,

As one uplifted to the eternal heart,
Man's possible, with God's doth seem to blend—
No limit and no end.

THE LADY TO THE SCULPTOR

PERCHANCE when you have put my soul to test
And smiling think its tortuous ways you know,
Some splendid moment of desire may grow
Swift lifted to my face from out my breast,
Into a look where some high dream expressed
Shall shine out clear. Then ere the moment go
Sheath it in marble; fix the rapture so
That they who see, shall know me at my best.
But could you when another mood is mine
And an insurgent grief held me in sway
Within the marble's frozen calm confine
The swelling flood and bid it therein stay?
Would not your genius, appalled, divine
The marble pain would break itself away?

TO THE SOUTH WIND

ETHEREAL minstrel wandering through May,
Spirit, whose breath is wafted far and nigh,
Thou art an echo of the inviolate sigh
Creation drew, on its perfected way;
Winged with the heat, thou callest on the day,
With bloom's omnipotence, to make reply,
And as the steed of swallows, racest by
Lest the pursuing Summer should gain sway;—
As Spring's ambassador, thou canst unfold
Secrets of eagles' dwellings and of vales;
And trail'st through grasses, all a-quiver with
gold,
In murmured transport as of nightingales;
Span'st earth and sea, but canst not, canst not
hold
Yon hurrying cloud that past the sunset sails.

TO THE WEST WINDS

DIVINE Apostle of the Summer, blow ;
The rose is waiting thee, and in the grass
Thy purple lovers long for thee to pass
And thine old rapture, at their presence, show ;
I see thee, coming o'er the hilltops, slow,
As listening to the oriole's morning mass,
Nor yet hast whispered to the vales, alas,
The forest secrets that they fain would know :—
Haunt sylvan dells, and, from the exiles there,
Bring the wild odors on thy swiftening way,
And into reckless, golden riot, bear
The calm, unwavering sunshine of the day ;
Thou, who hast power to kiss the Summer fair,
Prove Sorcerer, and kiss one that will stay.

AN OLD COMPANION

TRANSCENDENT South Wind, hast thou come to
bring

A message from that radiant long ago?
Bring then the old dreams back, that I may know
Thou art, in truth, the evangel of the spring;
Loosen the mists that round the mornings cling,
And to the summer drawing nigh breathe low
That o'er its unclosed roses thou wilt blow
And fan to gorgeous bloom with thy warm wing.
Thou art unchanged, chasing in thy wild play
The sun's resplendent locks that flood the sky
And stream, untamed, across the fields of May;
And I wait breathless, as thou wanderest by,
The recognition, who couldst once convey
The rapture of an Eden, in a sigh.

A SUMMER SONG

A MEADOW lark singing—the flash of a wing,
A vista through treetops of measureless blue,
A golden meshed gossamer caught from the
 Spring,
Summer, sunflooded—and you.

The glint of a river—hills stretching in line,
Soft grasses, wind wafted, a-shine with the dew,
A tangle of blossoms on branch and on vine,
 Summer, flower-breasted—and you.

White clouds sailing outward—the Sun at its
 noon,
The heavens all a-quiver—June blazoning
 through,
My soul—like a wild bird, in swirl of a tune,
 Summer—the tune's swirl—and you.

ONE SUMMER DAY

O SUMMER day,

Thou canst not, canst not go away,
For memory of thy birds and flowers,
And thine intoxicating hours,

Vivid within my heart will stay:

The winds, that clover scented, blow
The marguerites with hearts aglow,

All, all, will stay;

Thou canst not, canst not go away,

O perfect summer day!

O summer day,

Thou canst not, canst not go away,

Forever in the sunshine drowned,

Forever with the roses crowned,

Thou canst hold even Time at bay.

The transfixed noon with light ablaze,

The horizon lined with tender haze:

All, all, will stay;

Thou canst not, canst not go away,

O perfect summer day!

TO A DEAD DAY

DEAR day, whose skies arch still celestial blue,
Peerless, enchanting and mysterious day,
Thy roses through the eternal years will stay
Forever perfumed and forever new;
Thy nightingales that singing skyward flew;
Thy sun's gold heart that scattered ray on ray,
As if with light the grasses to downweigh;
Nothing will change, nothing the joy undo.
Out of his fairest heaven God fashioned thee,
O thou one perfect day! and well I know,
Though there shall bloom no more such flowers
 for me,
Though never more such haunting strains shall
 flow
From other nightingales, I hold the key
To that vast door through which Love's feet may
 go.

TO A BRONZE SEA-GULL

Oh, sea-gull metal bound!
Breathe in your sculptured calm that "death is
sweet,"

For as perchance your wet wings skyward beat,
In life's supremest moment you were crowned
Through dazzling glimpse of heaven, with si-
lence most profound.

Haply within your breast,
The passion of unresting waves is pent;
And as from blinding spray you whirling went,
Your majesty of daring was expressed
(Reaching too high for motion) in this nobler
rest.

Ah! glimpse of heaven once won
Triumph of silence, who would dare gainsay?
If our own fetters could be torn away
The pent up, mad'ning pain of life were done
And ecstasy of death would flood us like the sun.

I CANNOT SAY

I CANNOT say, oh, Life, I am content,
Although the world is so supremely fair,
Yet when I fain would soar, the mists ensnare,
And ere I reach the Sun, my strength is spent;
Through all its labyrinths I have been sent,
And in its tortuous paths have reached to where
I know there is no gauge to Love's despair,
And from its deep abysses no ascent.
What wantest thou, my Soul? Since I have
spanned
All human agonies, what more needst dread?
Art thou so dull thou canst not understand
Because, unhealed, my wounds have constant
bled,
Caged, fettered, songless, by hope's wings unfanned,
I want, forevermore, I want—my dead.

And yet, poor craven soul, wouldst call thy dead
Chance from the Apocalypse? Hush yester-
night

When the great sun dropt down its dying light
And bathed the world in jasper and in red,
Ashamed of puerile tears and doubts, I said,
If such earth's glory why shouldst grudge the
sight

To thy beloved of yonder Heaven, alight
With the effulgence streaming round God's head?
Ah! well for me, that I can nought decide,
We shall be left no choice, my soul and I,
We bruise our wings, yet cannot override
The bars that separate the earth and sky,
And I—I shall not know, till I have died
How far, O soul, and whither, thou shalt fly.

EASTWARD

EASTWARD I turned mine eyes, though hope was
done,
From whence the Springtime came, new hope to
bear,
And saw a vision, than the Spring more fair,
Float outward past the sun.

Adrift upon the sky the pale moon lay,
As silver witness signaling the night,
Yet still with soul transfigured by the light
Fearless she went her way.

O vision that to-day the dawn enspheres,
To-morrow, if beyond the hyacinths blown.
If past the sun of Spring; the night winds moan,
Mine, mine be all the tears.

TO THE RISING SUN

THOU ageless Sun, uprising warm and clear,
 As set to watch from out the heavens above
 Take hence thy light, it will not reach me here,
 I see—but my dead Love.

Although thou hurl'st thy million rays below,
 Death has eluded even thy sharpest dart;
 Withdraw thy weapons, thou hast missed the foe
 To plunge them in my heart.

Thou ageless Sun, thou soulless golden blot,
 With thy full splendor, from the heavens
 above,
 Thou strik'st the coffin lid—I see thee not;
 I see—but my dead Love.

TO THE ECLIPSED MOON

THICK veiled, and blushing like a bride, O Moon,
Superbly sailing o'er the dusky sky,
Hast seen a fiery planet drawing nigh
That lent thee glow, red as the sun at noon?
Or hast thou in the sudden joy of June
With the sweet rapture of its kiss grown shy,
Hidden thine o'erwhelming ecstasy
In a strange shadow that will pass thee soon?

Divine pale moon, the passing shadow o'er,
With thy transcendent silver all agleam,
Thou goest on thy way supreme once more
And flood'st the sky, that shining makes the
 seem
More beautiful than e'en thou wert before—
Wakened from mystery of a wondrous dream.

THE TRIUMPH OF LOVE

WITH a transcendent smile Love came to me
And held me, willing captive, through the days,
Leading o'er flowering fields and sylvan ways,
That I his infinite domain might see:
Innumerable birds, wild-winged and free,
Swept, singing, eastward past the sun's full rays,
And jonquils with their golden hearts ablaze
Flashed, with the joy of Spring, their joy to me:
On, on and on, I wandered, at Love's side,
Until far out beyond the horizon's verge,
The darkness dropped—the sun itself had died;
And losing foothold, I was gulfed in surge
Of grief's o'erwhelming sea. "Love, Love," I
cried,
"Hast thou betrayed with rapture, thus to
scourge?"

Love drew me to the shore, and though the night
Was lingering yet, and though I still heard moan
Of that insurgent sea, the heavens had grown
Lambent, as with a planet's soul in sight.

"O Love," I whispered, "though I swoon with
might

Of swelling tides, thou the same tides hast known;
Which path thou choosest I will make mine own
Lead on, thou canst the sun that died relight."
Behold, I have kept faith with Love, although
O'er countless Calvarys my feet have passed,
For always on their up-reared crosses, glow,
Of his seraphic presence has been cast;
And mightier than grief's awful undertow
Love has uplifted, yea, and held me fast.

IN BLOSSOM TIME

It is the carnival of spring, the golden time
That Aphrodite held most fair;
When leaves transparent glisten in the air
And scents of wild flowers through the sunshine
climb.

When hilltops catch the dazzling light
And spill it broadcast; where like yellow suns
The dandelions shine; and o'er the soft grass
runs,

Kissed by a zephyr lightly wandering by,

A tremor exquisite.

And meadow larks, with wings awhirl on high,
Sing choruses exultant as they fly,
And nothing, nothing is amiss in all the earth or
sky.

The blossoms, with which trees are crowned,
With their insistent blushes, film the air—
And through the rose mist gleaming here and
there

A loosened petal flutters to the ground.
The swallows, busy building, dart away,
With prescient knowledge happy twittering;
And milk-white in the pastures young lambs play.
Chasing the shimmering shadows, light clouds
fling,

The overflowing brooks run sparkling by,
Half-wakened bees on lilac bosoms lie,
And nothing, nothing is amiss in all the earth or
sky.

342 **In a Portuguese Garden**

Beauty reigns absolute: The fir trees shine,
Tipped with pale emerald, and pines line upon
line;

Caught in the glow,
Repeat their litanies, in whispers hushed and low;
The violet horizon in the distance dips,
And a sky-raptured lark from out the chorus
slips,

Plunging the ether, and is lost to sight.

The carnival is at its height,

And, lo!

I know, I know

By nature's power to recreate, whose witnesses
crowd nigh;

By all the blossoms at my feet, and meadow larks
on high,

By a new ecstasy of hope that will not let me
sigh,

That nothing, nothing is amiss in all the earth or
sky.

THE SONGS OF THE SILENCES

From the deeps of burning color o'er the skies of
morning spread
I have heard the mighty transport of the sun that
leaps o'erhead,
And across cerulean spaces, that the noontide
splendors span,
Caught the tunes, Chance, rapturing ages,
echoed from the reeds of Pan.

Through the purple hush of twilight that across
the ether springs
I have heard the mystic wafting of the fireflies'
glittering wings,
And enrhythming the darkness, as a lark's song
rhythms light.
Heard the golden scintillations of the stars em-
blazoning night.

344 **In a Portuguese Garden**

From immeasurable distance of a full moon calm
 and white
I have heard th' insistent glory dropping from
 its silver height,
And from out the forest pine trees with their
 ecstasy aflame
Heard æolian intimations like a flute's divine de-
 spair.
Ah, no more earth's limitations can my daring
 soul restrain;
Nevermore, who have seen summits, will I grovel
 on the plain,
For, in sublimated moments, by th' Eternal swept
 along,
I have heard the heart of silence, beating suffo-
 cate with song.

THE SILENCE OF GENIUS

WITHIN her being leaped a sacred fire ;
She dreamed the dreams that to immortals
 come,
And soared to language than of music higher,
Although her lips were dumb.

She could interpret the Auroral lights,
And the Sea's everlasting undertone,
And made the solitudes of far-off heights
Companions of her own !

The flowers communed with her ; the west winds
 sent
Divine salutes to her across the grass,
And with her listening ear to forests bent
She heard the Eternal pass.

The glory of the Sun within her dwelt ;
The vast of planets she could overcome,
And all that was, and is, and shall be, felt,
Although her lips were dumb.

TO SAPPHO

BELoved of gods and by the gods inspired
Who from thy land's intoxicate ether, drew
Immeasurable music, till it grew
Articulate to Heaven, Art still is fired,
Listening thy lyrics as they go untired
The echoing years reverberating through,
With longing in some strain to find the clew
To Arts supernal, but through gods acquired.
What golden passion in thy soul became
The voice divine, not mine to hold the key,
But chance some mighty love's volcanic flame
Sprang skyward into deathless ecstasy—
Thy Lesbian skies are strange, yet still I claim
What songs thou sang'st to Greece, thou sang'st
to me.

MIDNIGHT

Oh, for some way

To keep these dimly burning thoughts of mine
From their strange flickering, till, day by day
Grown to pure light, they leap to flame divine,
And from new deeps I may find words to tell
Of suns ineffable, unreach'd, that in me dwell.

Oh, for a lyre

Like that of old, from which the Lesbian drew
The golden blaze of an ecstatic fire
That into hymn to Aphrodite grew
That, still undrowned, floats over Grecian seas
And echoes, changeless sweet, in wind-kissed olive
trees.

Oh, for some sign

That, monstrous still with clay, my soul may
grow
Sublime, exalted as with Thracian wine,
To such fair shaping all its scars will go;
That some time o'er death's deathless seas will
float
From out my sun-emblazoned heart a deathless
note.

A CAGED BIRD SINGING

THOU yellow plumaged bird, that sweet and
strong
Singing imprisoned as if thou wert free,
I would some way thou couldst impart to me
The golden secret of thy happy song.
Perchance in thine unruffled breast may throng
Memories of blossoms grown on some far tree
That a perpetual summer make for thee,
Enflooding thee with sunshine all day long:
Glad bird sing on, I would be glad the same,
But mockery of thy summer dream have met;
Memories may be thy solace—I but aim
With my whole soul's insistence to forget—
So fair the Elysian fields with flowers aflame
When I became a captive to regret.

THE GIFT OF A WILD FLOWER

Did you pluck the flower for the flower
In the grace of an exquisite hour,
When your soul soared lofty and free
To the Soul you meant it should be?
In the grace of that exquisite hour.
Did you pluck the flower for the flower,
Or did you pluck it for me?

Did you pluck it because it was white,
In a dream of impassioned delight,
Or because in its heart you could see
What a sublimate summer might be?
In the grace of that exquisite hour
Did you pluck the flower for the flower,
Or did you pluck it for me?

If you plucked it, the shy, white thing,
With a heart like a bluebird's in spring,
What matter whichever it be?
It is part of the spring's decree.
In the grace of that exquisite hour
You gave two souls to the flower,
And one—one floated to me.

,

IN A FOREST

BETWEEN the somber trees, the yellow light
 Drifts into yellow streams, whose ripples go
 Drenching the ground where the wild hyacinths
 blow
 Until the deepest hidden dells grow bright;
 The blue heavens, here and there, break into
 sight
 Through leaf-fringed openings, while orioles go
 And to the sun their glittering bosoms show,
 Cleaving the noon-day silence in their flight;
 An unseen presence seems to haunt the shade,
 Where purple deeps, to deeps more purple cling,
 Whose voice, mysterious borne through every
 glade,
 Mysterious melodies is murmuring,
 As if Æolian tunes that once Pan played
 Were set afloat again by breath of Spring.

HOW I LEARNED TO SING

A CHILD, first thing I knew
Strange visions came and went and lifted me
Into a deep unresting ecstasy,
Where with each thought that grew
I felt my soul escape. Such little thing
To cleave the ether like a bird on wing,
It seemed to me, and so, I learned to sing.

I searched the summer sky,
Mysterious voices murmured in the air,
My heart the splendid music seemed to share
And made divine reply.
I heard strange measures through the azure ring,
I thought it was the sun's heart answering,
I listened all intent, and so, I learned to sing.

Later, life mastered me,
I kissed the frozen lips of mute despair,
Yet still the visions stayed, as if to bear
My shattered harmony
Up grief's whole scale. Love's joy became
Love's sting,
Then knowledge broke my heart, and so I learned
to sing.

I KNOW NOT WHY

I know not why

Some voices thrill me so. Touching some
palms

Sudden my pulses passionately fly

And I forget the calms

Of false content, and want to do, and be

Something divine that they may give their
hearts to me.

A subtle pain

Troubles my soul to infinite desire,

Some chord mysterious that has silent lain

Flashes to fire,

And mornings grow more bright and moons more
fair,

I climb love's mystic height through music's sweet
despair.

Ah, could I keep

My soul to heights I dream, then I might know

What gods have known and be attuned to sweep

Of planets as they flow,

And in sublime discovery of their swing

From love's new altitude to love's new knowl-
edge spring.

TO ———

ONCE more, only once more, if I could be
Flooded with joy that shines in thy young eyes,
And turned from weeping, let my soul baptize
 In its unfathomed sea,
How passing sweet, Love's shining shores relit,
 To drown in it.

So thought I yesterday, in craven mood;
To-day I can my craven thoughts forego,
And watch thy smiling face, who love thee so,
 Its rapture understood,
Nor grudge the rose blooms strewn thy pathway
 o'er,
 But fling one more.

Thou art so fair, the rain will pass thee by;
Over thy path, I dream, the arc will shine;
Lift up thy happy eyes and mark the sign,
 Thou wert not born to sigh.
Go, nor need'st shun what shall be thine to meet;
 Go—Life is sweet.

THE VIRGIN TO HER SON

ON CHRISTMAS DAY

I LIFT mine eyes, O Christ, to thee,
To thee, my splendor browed,
Who with Jehovah, holdest heaven in sway,
Yet smilest unto me.
Around thee multitudes of angels crowd,
Flinging their palms down in thy way,
And singing thee, upon this festal day,
Their loftiest songs of praise.
And yet I held thee, when I knew earth's ways,
A child, all warm upon my breast,
And hushed thee, star watched, into rest
My sinless one!
Now thou mak'st luminous heaven's uttermost
height
Winged with the glory of eternal light—
My shining one!
Thou art incarnate Love—is it to show
Unto all heaven thy love thou smilest so,
My Lord, my Christ, my King, my Son?

I draw me nearer unto thee,
 To thee, my heavenly eyed,
For to the place kept vacant at thy side,
With shimmer of thy wings, thou beckonest me.
I am thy mother, and I gave the name
 That all thy hosts proclaim,
And cherubim and seraphim make way,
That I may touch thy garment's hem to-day.
I knew thee with thy wounds, thy foes,
 Thy human woes,
 My sinless one.
Now thou mak'st luminous heaven's uttermost
 height
Winged with the glory of eternal light,
 My shining one!
Thou art incarnate Love—Is it to show
Unto all heaven thy love, thou smilest so.
 My Lord, my Christ, my King, my Son?

TO A YOUNG POET

I know thee not, and yet I know
Thou art a minstrel, holding flute
That deep-breathed, thou hast learned to blow
And in thy silver songs' pursuit
Hast wakened echoes high and low
 That else were mute.

I only know with splendid might
The golden noted measures fall,
Flaming their way like liquid light,
From out thy heart, to hearts of all,
And that thou canst on music's height
 The world enthrall.

THE WAY TO ARCADY

NAY, tell me not the way, I said,
To Arcady—to Arcady,
For I have learned its way to tread;
Not always with the blue o'erhead,
For oftentimes the path has led
To wild flowers blooming o'er the dead;
Then, smitten with scent of violets,
Swept into singing with regrets,
If singing, I could pain defy,
I know the way to Arcady—
To Arcady.

The way is full of thorns, I said,
To Arcady—to Arcady,
Beneath the heavens whose sun has fled;
I wear their crown upon my head,
Yet if my soul with wings upsped
Sails to the singing overspread,
I am content, though through despair
I plunge, to reach the rapture there;
Although engulfed in tears I lie,
I weep, on shores of Arcady—
Of Arcady.

Nay, tell me not the way, I said,
 To Arcady—to Arcady,
For I have learned its way to tread;
I wear Love's crown upon my head,
I am content, though brows have bled,
Though tears must evermore be shed:
I know the ecstasy divine,
Born of the pang—for Love is mine,
If Love can so Love's pangs defy
I know the way to Arcady—
 To Arcady.

AT THE BIER

RED on your bosom you wear
 Rose that at sunrise blew,
Sleeping all unaware;
 Belovéd, I whisper to you
 This is my soul's adieu.

Dear, when the roses first came,
 One, breathed my passion to you;
This, with its petals aflame,
 As if drenched with my heart's blood through,
 This, is my soul's adieu.

Heard you the angels' wings beat
 Down through the fathomless blue?
You have o'ertaken them, sweet!
 Angel, that sunrise updrew,
 This is my soul's adieu.

A VISION

LURED by mysterious voices clear and strong,
 I sailed the ether upon wings of fire,
 Holding intoxicate with flight, life's lyre
 Swelling and vibrant with imprisoned song;
 I smote the strings that dazzling seemed to
 throng

Down from the sun whose glory drew me nigher,
 And soundless raptures answering my desire
 Into a vivid rainbow swept along:—

O soul, rejoice! for in that arc sublime
 That ran 'cross heaven like lightning, golden,
 fleet,

The rhythmic silences broke into chime
 Than Phrygian music more divinely sweet;
 And 'bove life's lyre, above the pulse of Time,
 I heard the pulse of the Eternal beat.

.

SUNSET IN PORTSMOUTH

SUNSET that lingerest, blood red in the West,
I am so shadow haunted, thou so bright,
From the full blaze of thine exceeding light
I turn me for a while, mine eyes to rest,
Fade, fade, and flaunt no more thy blazoned
 breast;

And let me be companioned with the night
And its calm stars, that as they steal to sight
May bring me solace in some way unguessed;—
Fade swiftly, and shut out the world from me;
Thy light like a sharp sword above me gleams,
For in the desert of my soul I see
Shining above me, mirrored by thy beams,
From its vast ruin borne at thy decree,
Mirage of buried city of my dreams.

THANKSGIVING

**LoRD God of Hosts, we set this day aside
In which to thank Thee, for the wondrous ways
Thou hast vouchsafed fulfillment to the days,
And the lands' golden harvests multiplied,
For peace and progress reigning side by side;
For truth's increase, that civic movement sways;
And for the light of Christ, that changeless stays
Starring the ages, race on race, to guide:
We thank Thee, Oh, Thou Giver Infinite,
For the great boon of life—yes, and for death—
The splendid pause, ere an unfettered flight
For Love that the whole world encompasseth;
And for the promised Heaven, whose uttermost
height
Is luminous with lightning of Thy breath.**

TO PAIN

TIGER, hot-breathed, that clutchest at my heart,
And cruel watchest bleeding drops that fall,
Loose me, and let my soul escape the thrall
That keeps me from my pangless love apart;
Loose me, and sleep awhile; why shouldst thou
start,
And with the threatening of thy fangs appall?
My dead is dead beyond the reach withal
Of wounds like mine, to fester and to smart.
Even in thy grasp, it eases me to know
Thou canst not longer my beloved affright,
And that thou, fierce-eyed, will not dare to go
Where he lies beautiful and still and white.
Thou art Death's ally, Love's relentless foe,
How cope with thee who murderer art by right?

TO DEATH

BREAK swift the chain that binds me to the rack,
O thou divine sweet Death, and let me be
From the vast agony of Life set free;
Freeze down my eyelids, that on desert track,
My feet late trod, I can no more look back,
And unto me, in hushed benignity
The gift, thou gavest my beloved, decree,
Who went his way, beyond the zodiac;
And yet I have so loved the flowerlit ways,
And swathed in purple all the peaks in sight
Companioned by them, through the lonely days,
Dear Death, ere thou shalt bear me into night,
Once more, to them I fain mine eyes would raise,
That I might take with me their heavenly light.

THE DECREE OF LOVE

Love drank the dregs of a consummate woe
And grew intoxicate with its despair.
Innumerable discords filled the air,
And Music fled and knew not where to go.
"O Angel of the Past," Love whispered, "show
The Demon of the Present what a snare
Is set for jubilant feet, what masks men wear
Who seem to live, and yet but grave-damps know.
Lo! shattered at my feet, empty of wine,
Life's goblet lies; yea, empty even of lees.
And yet what revelations have been mine,
What sunlit calms, what thunder-riven seas!
It is not love," Love said, "that is divine;
It is the eternal anguish Love decrees."

TO PAN

Pipe me a song, O Pan,
On a reed by a river found
Where never a hope was drowned;
On a reed from a river that ran
With the Sunrise forever o'er it;—
But joy of the heavens that bore it;—
Pipe it to me—if you can.

Pipe me a song, O Pan,
A song with an impulse as high
As the music that dropped from the sky
When the lark's wild rapture o'erran;
A lark, with a Sunrise o'er it,
But joy of the heavens that bore it;
Pipe it to me—if you can.

Pipe me a song, O Pan;
Pipe to this sad soul of mine
A song, than the lark's more divine,
That Love in Love's Eden began;
A song with the Sunrise o'er it
But joy of the heavens that bore it;—
Pipe back to me—if you can.

MY HOPE

ARFLOOD with life, before I knew its name,
I hold it fairest gift, so well I know
That in the Springtime, when the wild flowers
 blow,
With all its forces I shall be aflame.
I own eternal things, for I can claim
Thoughts winged like winds that through Im-
 menses go,
Searching the uttermost places, high and low,
That, born of Heaven, Earth's breath can never
 tame:
I am content, that dark of Death must be,
Because in splendor of the Eternal scheme
Death has been given place; but I can see
A lovelit Heaven 'bove winds that blow, agleam;
And know, if here or there, earth-bound or free,
I am Immortal, child of the Supreme.

MIDSUMMER BUTTERFLIES

O BUTTERFLIES elusive, hovering nigh
The overblown wild roses, that reveal
The shrunken and tarnished gold they wear, as
seal

Of the fierce sun's insistent scrutiny.
Drifting adown the ether silently,
Ye hear the thistles sigh as with appeal
For their lost purple, while the wild bees steal,
Rivaling your place on their blanched breasts
to lie.

Beneath the brazen sky ye slow advance
From flower to flower all through the languid
day,

As if their drooping souls ye would entrance;
Drift on, drift airy on, on and away,
For soon, too soon, the sun with blood-red lance
Will ruthless, summer, ye are part of, slay.

AN EARLY BUTTERFLY

THOU glittering, gauze-winged harbinger of
 May,
Never through saffron meshes of its light
To see another morning's sun, rise bright,
And sail forth zenithward upon its way,
Hast thou no gossamer desire to stay?
Or wilt thou be content, from untired flight,
Within some lily's bosom shrouded white
To find thy grave, when thou hast lived thy day?
The secret thou wilt gain I fain would know,
Nay, I half envy thee thy coming sleep,
For with unhealed regrets and stygian woe,
I, who so covet sunshine, am a-reck,
Whilst thou, with ecstasy unchanged, wilt go
From tryst with life thy tryst with Death to
 keep.

TO A BUTTERFLY IN THE CITY

BRIGHT vision sailing through the city's street,
Basking in sunshine of the autumn day,
Didst hither from thy purple castle stray,
Enticed by rhythmic chime of busy feet?
The deafening noises clanging round thee beat;
In wild amaze I see thee search the way
To find thy happy mates in airy play;
But, crushed in whirl, death signals thy defeat.
Defeat? Rather let me believe, nay, claim,
That when thou went'st, by airs elysian fanned,
Thou wert uplifted with thy soul aflame,
And touched by some ethereal spirit hand—
A music-breasted nightingale became,
And hast ere this the blue, victorious scanned.

TO A BUTTERFLY ON THE SEASHORE

WHEREFORE, O butterfly, hast left the rose,
The rose that all too soon will blush no more?
Thou sailest, solitary, past the shore,
Lured to the sea, the sea whose ebbs and flows
Make massive music, and whose salt breath
 blows,
And alien startles thee, as turn'st to soar.
Haste!—hear'st thou not, the white shells hover-
 ing o'er
The muffled rushes of eternal woes?
Dreamer of roses, gossamer delight,
Back to the flowers, if thou must wander, go!
Go live thy day with all thy dreams in sight;
Thou art thyself a gauze-winged dream, that, lo!
Shouldst vanish blissful ere the purple night,
Since of the dead rose thou wilt never know.

THE MADONNA

MOTHER of all the mothers born to weep
 Since in that shed at Bethlehem thy breast
 Pillowed Christ's golden head, wert thou not
 blest?

Yea! though thou saw'st Him crucified to keep
 Love paramount, that thou could'st bridge the
 deep

Of thine own woe with resurrection's test,
 And 'scape Demeter's anguish of unrest,
 Who stayed, for Proserpine, the season's sweep?
 O pitying one, that leavest a trail of light,
 Outshining gates of Heaven, that thou mayst
 bring

Earth's broken-hearted mothers to the Light,
 Hast thou not seen within thy luminous ring
 A little child holding thy garments tight
 Who was so beautiful I called him Spring?

MUSIC, IN AN AVENUE

I KNEW the Minstrel not, and yet I knew
He played on pipes of Pan as he went by,
And that a passion boundless as the sky
Ran like a golden flame, his measures through.
I thought, this Minstrel will the gods pursue
Till they await his coming, nor deny
That their melodious ways together lie,
The while he dreams some deathless note to woo!
On, past me, like a nightingale he swept,
While the June air a-throb with music swayed,
On, through the avenue where the stone hounds
slept;
And as the western glory on them strayed,
I think they roused, but a fierce silence kept,
Quelled by the magic of the strains he played.

They who play pipes of Pan are never spent,
 And I shall hear, from some resplendent height
 That he will reach in his imperial flight,
 Rapture on rapture by the Minstrel sent;
 Elect to race with gods, behold he went
 Flying upon his way toward Love and Light,
 That are their fairest goals, and tuned to sight
 Came face to face with the Omnipotent.
 Flute on, O Minstrel in thy wondrous June!
 And all the lilies, listening thee, will blow,
 And 'cross more silver seas will sail the moon,
 Till with song-bladed wings thy soul shall go
 And out of some near Eden snatch a tune,
 That all the coming centuries shall know.

TO A FLOCK OF DOVES

OH doves, that in my childhood wakened me
As cooing from the long low roof ye swept,
How often to my window have I crept
The heaving of thy snowy breasts to see,
And watched ye fluttering by to some near tree
With throats agleam, while ye still cooing kept,
Then startled turn, as if your young still slept,
And plunge yourselves in morning's radiancy.
Oh doves, divine, sweet doves, ye have flown by;
Wherefore did I not then your wings implore
And hide me from Life's awful scrutiny,
Or to a refuge on some Sinai soar?
Oh dove, come back and teach my soul to fly,
And lend your peace, ye doves, your peace—and
more.

THE ENCHANTED LAND

O THOU enchanted land, thou land of dreams,
In which with childhood's fabled gods I dwelt,
From those immortals unto whom I knelt,
The golden light of revelation streams;
I see upon their mighty foreheads gleams
Of that Elysian sun, 'neath which I felt
I too was of their race, ere time had dealt
Its weaponeal blows, and left these scars and
seams;

It is the coming Spring that stirs my veins
And bears to a dull red life's smoldering fire;
I hear the echoes of Olympian strains,
And as the flower-shod Spring draws nigher and
nigher,
From that far dreamland, ere Spring wholly
reigns,
Hark, the faint music of Apollo's lyre.

A RHAPSODY

I LIE in a dream, Spring scents blowing o'er me,
Elysian expanses stretched endless before me,
And hear, as from Eden, evangels implore me.

Through the outswept horizon, in golden air show-
ing,
Shine wind-wafted palm trees, and white lilies
blowing.
And my soul seems enwinged, toward eternal light
going.

I lie in a transport—ah, is it but seeming?
Shall I waken unlit, by the glory down stream-
ing?—
Then let me remain, on divine brink of dreaming.

IN MID-OCEAN

MILLIONS of emerald waves that light the sea
Beckon me back to that imperial shore
Where August wildflowers glitter as of yore;
I, turned to that, where blooms the fleur-de-lis.
Beyond the sheen, I know how radiantly
Enamored butterflies, through sunshine, soar
And bees with golden shackles wander o'er
Their gaudy prisons, reckless as if free.
The ship I tread seems breathing as it plies;
I feel its great heart beat like some live thing;
I watch the sea it wounds, that, half healed, lies
Trailing behind to where I fain would wing,
And sweeping past all these immensities,
In sight of hilltops hear the thrushes sing.

An endless bosomed sea, stretched east and west,
Still palpitating with the unweaned night,
A monstrous waste of waves, nought else in sight
Save the great sun just rising, as in quest
Of the drowned universe: Lo, crest on crest
Of the dark waves, breaks into silver light,
And I am lifted out of half-affright,
To where my soul and morning are abreast;
Yet speed, brave ship, speed onward to that shore
Where sing the nightingales 'neath perfect
 moons,
And let me see upon the grass once more
The August sunshine wooing August noons,
And in some sylvan glade hear o'er and o'er
The forest harps whisper Æolian tunes.

MARGUERITES

I PLUCKED the marguerites I loved so well,
With yellow petals that seemed one by one
Like dazzling rays drawn downward from the sun
And circling set, till to these flowers they fell.
"O signals of the past," I said, "go tell
The birds high singing, with the Spring o'errun,
Ye will be breathless when Spring's self is done,
Who heard their playmate answering from the
dell."

Careless I pass, though gorgeous to behold
Myriads of wildflowers that the light winds swing.
For these, brimmed with the noon's incarnate
gold,
That to their sunrayed hearts the old light bring,
Till I can see, as years had backward rolled,
That star-voiced child still, star-voiced, chasing
Spring.

UNFETTERED

THE insistent sunshine has impassioned brought
Anemones and violets to sight;
And from their fragrances the birds in flight
Have a divine intoxication caught,
And into their impetuous songs have wrought
New fire of ecstasy! Lilies grow white
And flash to silver bloom, in dazzling light
Of the imperial days, and skies wear naught
Of fleece or shadow, but serene and fair
With azure palpitate. Illumined swing
The ruby fringes budding maples bear,
And the warm vapor rising seems to bring
Mysterious murmurs pulsing through the air
Like the winged rapture of escaping spring.

DAFFODILS

Beneath the irised dawns of early spring,
The daffodils have drunken their fill of gold
From the great yellow-breasted sun, and hold
Their leaf-rimmed chalices aloft, and swing
Tall stemmed and slender, as if so to bring
Into their deeps the raptures manifold,
That spilled from Heaven are to an avalanche
 rolled

From choirs of birds in music rioting:—
The earth seems borne to one tumultuous song
As of a breathless ecstasy possessed,
And its warm blood that hurrying sweeps along
Runs like a tide through each gold-laden breast,
And to these perfumed flowers that spring's heart
 throng
The mighty passion of spring's heart is pressed.

TO A MARCH BLUE BIRD

THOU lover of the April, sweeping by
With azure bladed wings, and bosom bright,
Thou stayest not, in thine impatient flight,
But to the dazzling hearted sun on high,
Waiting thy coming in the eastern sky,
Thou hurriest to pour forth thy delight.
Sing, though not yet, thine April is in sight
And thou mayst lure her soundless footsteps
nigh;
Thou art not daunted, though thou hear'st the
ring,
Above the murmurous voices in the air,
Of the March breezes' noisy trumpeting;
But singest, for her coming to prepare,
Seeing adown the mystic hills of spring
The streaming gold of thy belovéd's hair.

SEA GULLS

THE sea's salt winds are blowing to and fro
The soft young grasses on the headland nigh,
And 'bove the foaming surges swirling by,
Out through the opal spray, the white gulls go—
Out, tireless out they wheel, until they grow,
As past the sunrise in full flower they fly,
Into pale blurs of silver lines, that lie
Phantomed on the horizon's burnished glow—
What pilgrimage is theirs, as bathed in light,
They vanish from my vision, none can say;
If to some fairy sea that lies in sight
Or to their cliff-built nests they take their way;
I only know that guided in their flight
Nor winds nor tempests from their goal can stay.

A FELLOW CRAFTSMAN

THOU fellow craftsman in the world of thought,
Who from its everlasting deeps hast won
Consummate visions radiant as the sun;
Hast thou in some transcendent moment wrought
A dawn's resplendence into verse, or caught
The rapture of a thrush when day was done
And felt it through thy veins enflooding run
To scarlet rhythm? If so, thou needest naught.
If so, then all the jeweled pomp of kings
Would not entice thee—larger grandeurs thine
Who canst send forth thy soul upon its wings
And sweep out past the stars—and in a line
Put goldener fires than shine in Saturn's rings.
If so, thou hast quaffed Heaven, in Heaven's own
wine.

THE CORONATION

LONDON, JUNE TWENTY-SECOND

LONDON ablaze in its June pageantry
 Consummate bloom and color everywhere,
 With ensigns streaming through the yellow air,
 And measured thud of horses, far and nigh,
 And lines of stately chariots rolling by,
 And glittering stars that into rainbows flare
 That foreign potentates and princes wear,
 And England's King and Queen, 'neath En-
 gland's sky;
 On, on, and on, in royal state they came,
 Summer's omnipotence at golden crest;
 And crowds, in thoroughfares with flowers
 afame,
 Eager to watch their coming, breathless pressed,
 While from their lips sprang forth, with one ac-
 claim
 A mighty transport echoing East and West.

And music swirled, and through the air up flew,
Higher and higher and higher, and still more
 high,

Until it smote the bosom of the sky
And into an o'erwhelming rapture grew,
As if, the music played the ages through
At all the Coronations, flooding by
Into the chorus as it crashed on high,
Had Time escaping, leaped to sound anew;
On, on, Archbishops gorgeously arrayed,
Envoys and Papal Powers and soldiers massed,
To beat of drums, and blare of bugles played,
Triumphal borne, the King and Queen went past,
The tribute of a Kingdom still unpaid,
To claim, their Seals of Sovereignty at last.

O'ercanopied with June, on, on they went
Into the Abbey, wherein have been crowned
All England's Kings, and where, new kingdoms
found,

They sleep upon its breast magnificent;
The royal pair, as if for Sacrament,
Waited enrapt; and all the air was drowned
In a vast hush, like music slipped from sound,
While the Archbishops, splendid laden, bent,
And 'mid the Prelates, with their ritual power
Amid the mighty, mighty with renown,
The whole high heaven, as prescient of the hour,
Upon the twain, dazzling enthroned, looked
down,

And saw them each—each England's flawless
flower

Regal receive, the baptism of a Crown.

AFTER THE CORONATION

THE splendid coronation rites are o'er;
The Te Deums sung; and the young King and
Queen

Crowned and anointed 'mid the pomp and sheen,
Have left the Abbey to its hush once more:—
The streets are filled with people; din and roar
Of London's traffic has been changed to scene
Of unaccustomed revels, and between
The Mall and Strand, thousands and thousands
pour.

St. Paul's is bathed in light; the summer air
Is like a prism, ashine with every hue;
The city's heavy smoke lies here and there,
Like amber mountains, piled against the blue,
And songs in snatches, are heard everywhere
With notes of happy laughter rippling through.

And dotted over London's mighty breast,
Like mimic stars, in glittering points of gold,
The wonders of the countless shows are told:—
A child's balloon escapes; music is pressed
From toy harmonicas, and all unguessed
Puzzles are shown, that lure both young and old
To watch their solving by the Fakirs bold,
In gorgeous oriental costumes dressed:—
The sea of pleasure rushes madly on,
And cares are half forgotten in the glow;
And even England's yeomen have been won
From fields, where violets and hawthorne blow,
And hills with heather purpling in the sun
Boldly, through labyrinthine snares, to go:—

Gayer and gayer still, the streets have grown ;
The crowds have quaffed the sparkle and the
gleam

Of June's imperial wine, and as in dream
With tireless feet tread ways with flowers be-
strewn :—

The Sun that through the days has riotous shone,
Has sent down, now and then, a scarlet beam
That lit the Abbey, standing forth supreme,
As if to massive flame it had been blown :—

The city's noisy murmur ebbs and flows,
Cannons afar off boom, and near bells ring,
Life into tidal exultation grows,
The multitudes rejoice—the planets swing :—
And this, O England, is thy matchless show,
London—thy people, and thy new crowned King.

AT THE LAST

I

If this is the end, what is left me to say?
I have loved, I have dreamed, and have soared,
 and have wept,
And the world will not know when I sail past the
 bay
Since mine eyes on invisible beacons were kept
That my passionate heart drop by drop bled
 away.

II

The world will not know, nay, it never has known,
That my soul has swept morning from east unto
 west
Upon what pinions lifted, through what ether
 blown
What knowledge have I who have lain breast to
 breast
With the transcendent sun on its transcendent
 throne.

III

If this is the end, what is left me to say?
I have been to the gateways of asphodels borne
And the world will forget when I sail past the
 bay
Though my footprints have paths to Gethsemane
 worn
That my passionate heart drop by drop bled
 away.

